

Have You Seen  
My Magazine?

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 15

June 28, 1919

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Every Friday 11d.

## NO TRIERS LIKE BRITISH FLIERS

### GRAPPLING A FIRE-SHIP STORY OF A FLOATING TERROR

Seven Men and a Powder  
Magazine

#### HEROES OF A GREAT DISASTER

The Albert Medal for bravery has lately been awarded to a hero of Toronto who died in the great disaster in the harbour of Halifax.

It was one of the most terrible calamities that have ever afflicted Nova Scotia, and it happened during the war, while a ship laden with munitions was waiting in Halifax Harbour. The loss of property and life in the town was almost beyond calculation.

The munitions ship was the French vessel *Mont Blanc*, which was run into by another ship. The collision set her on fire, and her crew, being unable to extinguish the flames or stop the ship's progress, escaped in boats.

#### The Dauntless Seven

The deserted ship, like a floating volcano, headed straight for the British warship *Niobe*, the naval harbour, and the magazine! On board the *Niobe* was Captain Newcombe, having a wound dressed, after the amputation of one of his legs. In that frightful moment he forgot his wound and realised the awful peril of the situation developing before his eyes. He called for volunteers to take the ship's pinnace, go up to the *Mont Blanc*, grapple her, and tow her out of the path in which she was carrying death and disaster.

Boatswain Mattlison, of Toronto, stepped forward instantly, and with him six other men, ready for the fearful plunge to death. They lowered their boat, and the little pinnace went away like a fluttered bird towards the floating terror. The flames mounted higher and higher from the *Mont Blanc*, and it was evident that she must soon explode; yet the dauntless seven raced on to haul her from her fatal course.

#### Vanished From the Scene

They had almost reached her white-hot side when the inevitable happened. The *Mont Blanc* blew up with a thunderous roar, wrecking everything far and near. When the muck subsided, all eyes were turned to seek the pinnace and her crew, but not a vestige of the little vessel or its heroes remained. The pinnace and its men had been blown to atoms, and had completely vanished from the scene.

These seven Canadian sailors went out to meet absolute death. They might save the lives of others; their own they could not hope to save. It was with cool and calculated heroism that they went to meet the burning ship.

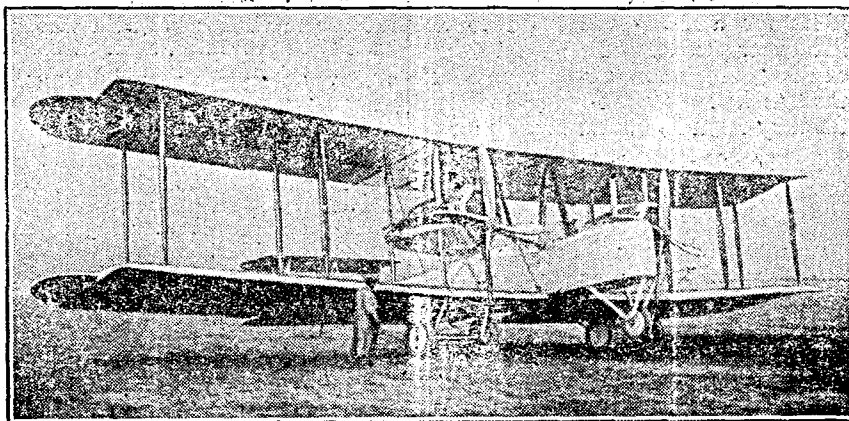
### One, Two, Three—At Last Across the Sea



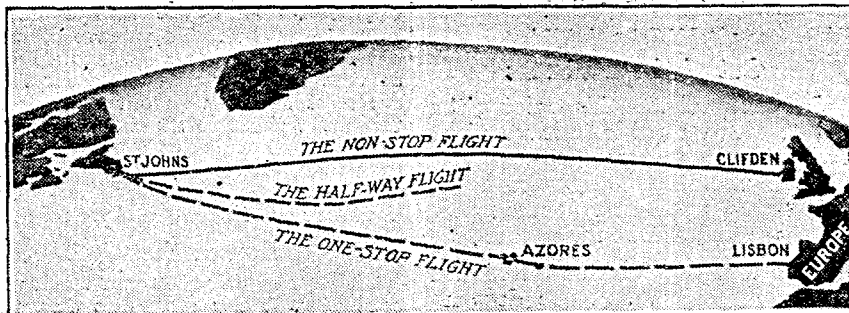
Captain J. Alcock



Lieutenant Whitten Brown



The Vickers-Vimy aeroplane in which they flew. Its two Rolls-Royce engines made 4,000,000 revolutions and their pistons travelled up and down the cylinders 5000 miles. The valves operated 50,000,000 times, and 50,000,000 ignition sparks were made.



The Three Atlantic Flights: Halfway Flight of Hawker and Grieve; the One-Stop American Flight to Portugal via the Azores; and the Non-Stop Flight. From a Daily Graphic Map.

### THE CUCKOO AND ITS STOLEN CRADLE

The case of the two cuckoos—driven from nests by two small birds at Baschurch, mentioned last week, is interesting but not exceptional, writes E. A. B., our Natural Historian.

In nesting-time birds are fired with such devoted courage that they attack intruders much larger than themselves. A tiny tit will sit tight and peck the hand of a man; a dove will fight like a gamecock for its eggs or nestlings.

But cuckoos are liable to attack even when not near a nest. They have a rather hawk-like appearance, and small birds unite to mob them, as they mob true hawks. That, however, is not why they do not build nests.

Cuckoos do not pair and nest in this country. One cuckoo has several mates; no one pair has the responsibility of hatching the eggs and feeding the young. The parental instinct is lost among the many; the mother and her many associates leave their duties to others. Some foreign cuckoos make rough nests and hatch their eggs themselves, but the whole group shows evidence of degeneration with regard to care for offspring.

Yet, even so, there is a marvel of instinct in what the cuckoo does. The nests of over 80 species of birds are invaded by cuckoos; and every cuckoo returns to a nest of the same species of bird in whose home it was cradled. Even large birds, such as the eider duck and the grebe, are among the victims.

### LITTLE SHEEP OF THE HILLS

Animals that Refuse to  
Grow Up

#### LINK BETWEEN SERBIA AND THE SPANISH ARMADA

By Our Natural Historian

There is great excitement among the sheepfolds of the Lake District. Lambs there are born later than in the south, and this is Lakeland's lambing month.

Where water is scarce, so that the sheep are denied their natural drink, the little ones are fed with milk from the bottle. These lambs must be strong and well, for some of them, with their elders, are destined to spend their lives on the bleak hilltops of Serbia, whither they are being sent as a gift. There will be two or three sorts of sheep for Serbia in the Lakeland gift, but the strangest are these little ones from the hilltops, the Herdwicks, as they are called.

They are the smallest and hardiest sheep we have, and they are mysteries. The origin of all our sheep can be traced, except these Herdwicks.

#### Counting Up to Twenty

The local history of the flock is that they all descend from forty little sheep which swam ashore at Drigg from a battered ship of the Spanish Armada. That theory is generally accepted, though there are those who deny this Armada story, asserting that the Herdwicks are descendants of sheep which the Vikings introduced into England.

A curious point in favour of these critics is that to this day the sheep are counted in the Lakes in Scandinavian words. Here is the way they count up to twenty sheep: Yan, taen, tedderte, mederte, pimp, haata, slaata, lowra, dowra, dick, yan-a-dick, taen-a-dick, and so on up to fifteen, which is mimph, and so on again with mimph repeated at the end of each word until twenty is reached. Twenty is giggot.

#### Sheep That Will Not Improve

Either of these stories of the Herdwicks' origin is captivating, but there is this further peculiarity about them: they cannot be improved. They will not grow bigger or fatter or produce more wool. Every art known to the scientific sheep farmer has been tried, but these Herdwick sheep are today as they always have been—little, and stumpy, and courageous, revelling in the bleakest hillsides and the most niggardly pasture, thriving where not even a wild goat could make his living.

It is because of their great powers of endurance that they are going to Serbia, to add life and beauty to the ravaged hills. Other sheep which flourish under favourable conditions will accompany them, so that the Serbs can say—

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter,  
and choose which they like the best.

E. A. B.



## Blind Men Who See the Cheerful Side

### THE WONDERFUL WORK OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

#### How Sir Arthur Pearson Has Put a New Hope in the World

WHERE SIGHTLESS MEN FORGET THEY DO NOT SEE

A Book Being Read Now

**Victory over Blindness.** By Sir Arthur Pearson. 7s. net. Hodder and Stoughton.

Some years ago Sir Arthur Pearson, an English journalist of extraordinary energy and wide personal popularity, gradually lost his sight. His many friends were deeply grieved, but that was not how he accepted his misfortune. His shrewd, bold, decided mind prompted him to grapple directly with his difficulties.

Blind he was, but he would not give way to it. It should not master him.

That was his firm resolve. It should not narrow his life. And it did not. He set himself to live as if he were not blind. He would do and enjoy the same things he would have done and enjoyed had his sight been preserved. This he found possible, and his success in doing it led him to resolve to make the helping of the blind one of the great objects of his life.

It was a happy day for 1500 blinded British heroes when Sir Arthur Pearson took up, as a new outlet for his unfailing energy, this work of helping the blind. He had begun that work before the war broke out, and so it was natural that he should take the blinded soldiers under his care.

#### Winning Success

How the work has been done is told in this book, in a splendid tone of high-spirited bravery. It is a book that everyone should read who wishes to think well of mankind, for it shows us the unconquerable mind of man triumphing gloriously, and, from the midst of what seemed like defeat, winning success and happiness.

In March 1915, Sir Arthur entered the fine house of St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park, placed at his disposal by a generous American, Mr. Otto Kahn, and took under his care 16 blinded soldiers. By the end of 1918 there were in St. Dunstan's and its offshoots, in London and the provinces, 1500 names on the books. Six hundred of these had gone to their homes, trained to take their part in ordinary life, 700 were being trained, 200 were still in the hospitals. Eight hundred people were busy daily in carrying on the work. Those are the figures that give the broad scope of the task undertaken by a blind man for blind men.

#### Blind to the Gloom

Sir Arthur knew from his own experience that all these men had first to learn to be blind; and then to live a natural life, and be useful and happy. He determined that the hostel should be so conducted that over its doors there might well be written the words of the blind poet, "Nothing is here for tears," and everyone who visited the place was struck most by the universal and abounding cheerfulness. As Sir Arthur puts it: "There is much that we cannot see; there is one thing that we will not see, and that is the gloomy side of our lives."

In every way the place was prepared to give those who entered it immediate confidence and hope.

"The main idea was that sightless men might come into a little world where the things which blind men cannot do are forgotten, and where everyone was concerned with what blind men can do."

The first thing that happened when the new man entered the place was that Sir Arthur Pearson took him by the hand, personally, and infused into him his own spirit of cheerfulness and hope. Then the first spark that set alight all kinds of hope was the present of a blind man's watch. Time passes slowly with the blind, and often they ask what time it is; but not after they enter St. Dunstan's. There they are immediately taught to read the time with their fingers.

#### Blind Lead the Blind

Then they are taught to move freely about—inside on linoleum pathways through the carpets, outside on boarded walks let into the gravel, with wires and handrails as guides; but soon they move freely as new senses develop—the sense of nearness, keener hearing, the feel of the ground underfoot, quick and delicate smell.

This book contains many practical hints for enabling the blind to act like other people, and do what others can do; things so many and so varied that at last they grow in cleverness till they seem less blind every year.

In St. Dunstan's the blind are taught by the blind. They learn to read and write by the Braille system. For work they are taught massage (at which they are specially expert), shorthand, typewriting, a telephone operating, poultry-farming, joinery, mat-making, boot-repairing, basket-work, and netting. For play and amusements, they row, swim, race, dance, play dominoes and cards, and have music and much debating. For reading they have many books in Braille type, read by touch.

#### Out of the Darkness

So successful was this training that all the men were able to leave with a certainty of earning their own living, and many returned to their businesses, which they could now conduct practically as well as when they could see.

It is a wonderful story, told with unfaltering spirit, and one does not wonder that the trained blind soldiers leave St. Dunstan's loving the place and the man who made it, and who is its embodied soul. For there, as he says in one of his little patches of eloquence, "they had conquered, a foe who threatened to destroy spirit as well as sight. They had dragged themselves from the dark morass in which they were plunged, and had set their feet on the velvety flower-spangled lawns which lead through the garden of Endeavour out on to the broad highway of Normal Life."

A great book he has written, not for those who see only with the eyes of the mind, but for those of us who have natural vision. It is a book, not of mournful misfortune, but of triumph and good cheer. J. D.

## WONDERFUL JAPANESE

### Things They Can Teach Us

#### NATION'S CLEVERNESS LONG UNKNOWN TO THE WORLD

BY A TRAVELLING CORRESPONDENT

A friend of the Children's Newspaper now travelling in Japan sends home some interesting notes on that rapidly-rising Empire of the East. He writes to his nephews and nieces in Glasgow, from a train going to Tokyo.

This is one of the farthest-away places from Scotland. It is far enough away for me to be nine hours ahead of you; that is to say, one p.m. with me, and I am getting ready for lunch, and four in the morning with you. If I came home by the Pacific I should find you people in Glasgow were only at yesterday, but we shall get out of that by having a day in the Pacific over again.



In Japan I have been mostly in Kyoto, one of the old capitals—for Japan has often changed its capitals. Also, I have been in Nikko, a famous and beautiful place. Tokyo, to which I am going, is twice the size of Glasgow.

It is a mistake to think of everything in Japan as little because the people are. Nikko is charming, not very different from Scotland about Crief, with fine wooded and grassy hills, waterfalls, lakes, and splendid trees.

#### Three Things from Japan

Besides its beauty, the great thing in Nikko is the buildings—Buddhist temples in memory of men who ruled Japan 300 years ago, some of the most beautiful buildings in the world, quite different from anything else. There are gateways, walls, temples, covered outside and inside with lacquer, black and red and gold, and painted carved wood; with birds and dragons, flowers and children—all perfectly lovely, and great solemn trees standing round in glorious sunshine.

When the Japanese built these places and painted these fine pictures nobody in Europe had any idea they could do such things, or had anything at all to teach us. But they have three very great things to teach us. One of these is love of beauty—flowers, mountains, pictures, and fine clothes.

Another thing they can teach us is cleanness. They are always having baths—very hot. They leave off their outer shoes when they go into a house, so that the floor mats on their floors are kept as clean as our dining-room tables for them to sit on. In railway carriages a boy goes through now and then to brush the floor or wipe it with a wet cloth, while the people curl up their feet on the seats and sit on them.

#### The Man in the Kimono

The third thing they can teach us is politeness. The servants do things for you as if it was a kindness to ask them, and smile and bow and make room for you whenever they get a chance.

The Japs are in some respects turning European, and the mixture at times is funny. Take the man now sitting opposite me in this carriage. He is very well dressed in two kimonos, both silk and dark. A kimono is a kind of very loose coat, with wide sleeves, and big pockets hanging from them. It has no buttons. His under kimono is held by a sash, and the upper ones by ties of broad white silk braid. He wears the usual white socks and wooden sandals, and carries a little white fan. But, on the top of all these Jap things, he has a hard bowler hat! And I fancy he thinks he is in the fashion.

Some Japs seem great rogues in business, but they are a great little people; and if we live thirty years we shall hear a deal more about them.

## PRIDE OF DERBYSHIRE

### MOTHER OF THE OIL INDUSTRIES

Workman Carpenter and His Guinea Candles

### ROMANTIC STORY OF THE OIL-FINDERS

We are all following with interest and wonder the progress of the oil-finders in Derbyshire, where petroleum is now welling up splendidly; but how many of us know the tremendous romance behind it all?

Petroleum-production, one of the greatest industries in the world, has lured men all over the globe, and it has now carried them back to the very cradle of the industry. For petroleum-getting began in Derbyshire, not many miles from where oil is now rising from the new borings.

Here the great industry had its home and origin before it travelled everywhere to all known oil-bearing lands—to the United States, to Algeria, Japan, Rumania, Russia, Java, Baluchistan, Burma, Mexico, Persia, Ecuador, Venezuela, and so on. The industry grew to such an extent, making possible the aeroplane, the submarine, and the battleship, that during the war half our Navy depended on it as fuel.

#### Cradle of a World-Wide Trade

One of the great dangers we ran was of having our petrol supplies for the fleet cut off by submarines, yet here was oil buried deep in our own soil all the time. We do not know how much, but the supply is possibly great, and the quality is excellent. And all this trade, the whole world over, began at Riddings in Derbyshire.

In 1817 the owner of a small colliery and ironworks at Riddings discovered a little mineral spring on his property, and called to his aid the first Lord Playfair, who was his brother-in-law. Playfair saw that the spring was petroleum, and sent to Edinburgh for a humble carpenter named James Young to come and see to the business of getting, refining, and selling the oil.

Young set to work, and for two years he obtained daily 300 gallons of the oil. One day the oil proved cloudy and thick, and Young went to Playfair in alarm, only to be told that the cloudiness was caused by the presence of paraffin.

#### The First Wax Candles

At Playfair's suggestion Young extracted some of the paraffin, just enough to make two candles, and, with these candles lighting his reading-desk, Playfair lectured at the Royal Institution on petroleum and its products. The candles cost two guineas each to make, and they were the first of all wax candles, from which sprang all the millions of paraffin-wax candles which have since lighted the poor man's cottage and the rich man's palace and the great cathedrals of the world.

At the end of two years the oil-stream ran dry and Young took to distilling paraffin from coal, but the example set in Derbyshire spread to all parts of the world, and the greatest fortunes ever made have come from the business of getting the oil out of the earth into the tanks of ships and engines, aeroplanes and airships and motor-cars. Derbyshire revealed a secret which produced a product that came in time to save Verdun, that saved the Allied armies in last year's peril; and it all began in Derbyshire, and now men turn back to the place from which the pioneers set out so long ago, and find oil there again. E. A. B.

#### 42,000 HORSE POWER

A water power station is proposed for generating electricity into 42,000 horse power from the waters of Lochs Ercht, Rannoch, and Tummel. The work would employ 6000 men.



## TRUE HISTORY OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN

### When He Was a Tailor's Boy

FROM 14s. TO £4000 A WEEK

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

The true history of Charlie Chaplin, as told in a lecture recently by Fred Goodwins—an English kinema actor who spent two years with the King of the Films in California—is one of the most wonderful romances ever recorded.

Charles Spencer Chaplin was born on April 16, 1889, at Brixton. At six he worked with his widowed mother and his brother for an East End tailor, who paid them 14s. a week for their united labours. When he was seven he became a clog dancer with a theatrical troupe known as "The Eight Lancashire Lads," and a little later played the part of the boy Billy in the stage version of "Sherlock Holmes." At 17 he started his career as a music-hall comedian. At 22 he went to America for the first time, and at 24 he made his first appearance in films.

From that moment his rise to fame was meteoric in rapidity. In 1913 he was earning £40 a week; in 1914, £250 a week; in 1916, £2000 a week, with a bonus of £30,000 for the year; and at the present time he is being paid £215,000 a year. Thus, in 24 years, Charlie's weekly wage has increased from less than 14s. to more than £4000.

Was ever a record like it?

#### A GREAT GARDEN ARMY

The United States School Garden Army, which was started during the war to encourage children to grow food, will not be demobilised. During 1918 one and a half million children who enlisted in this army produced more than £2,000,000 worth of food for the table. More than 60,000 acres are already under cultivation by members of the Garden Army, and the Government hopes to obtain at least five million recruits. With this object the U.S. Bureau of Education is sending out a series of films and lantern slides, telling the history of the army and giving practical lessons in gardening.

#### KINEMA AND SAFETY

In order to diminish the number of street accidents the directors of the Chicago tramways have produced a series of films illustrating the accidents to which careless passengers and pedestrians are liable.

### Films Coming On

The Editor urges his readers not to patronise picture palaces where vulgar plays are exhibited

#### INVASION FROM SATURN

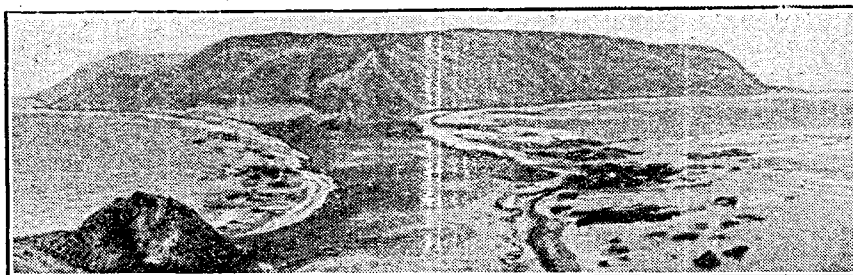
The invasion of our earth by the inhabitants of Saturn is to be the subject of a projected new serial film for the production of which visits will be paid to eight different countries—England, France, Italy, Belgium, Egypt, America, Turkey, and Greece. The Saturnian armies land in gigantic airships, and are eventually destroyed in a gigantic explosion which destroys the whole of Italy. So runs the plot of "The Terror from the Skies," as this film will be entitled.

#### THE WONDERFUL "TATTERS"

"Tatters" is queen of the village children in an American iron-mining district. She leads their romps and shares their games, and she is adored by them all, despite the fact that the only clothes her poor old foster-mother can provide her with would disgrace any respectable scarecrow. One day there is trouble among the miners, and the mine company's secretary, nearly killed by an angry strike-leader, is rescued and nursed back to health by "Tatters." The exciting and romantic events which result from this chance acquaintance are effectively shown in a pretty new Grainger play entitled "The Raggedy Queen." L. Y.

## LONELY ISLAND OF ANTARCTICA

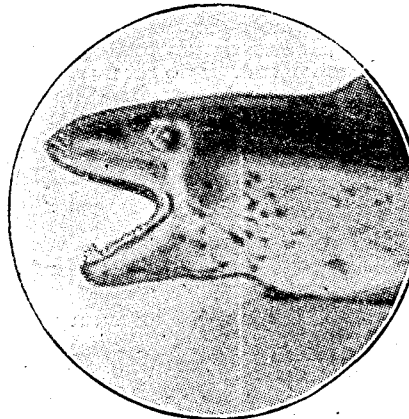
Pictures of Macquarie, the Rare Haunt of Wild Life Now Threatened with Extinction



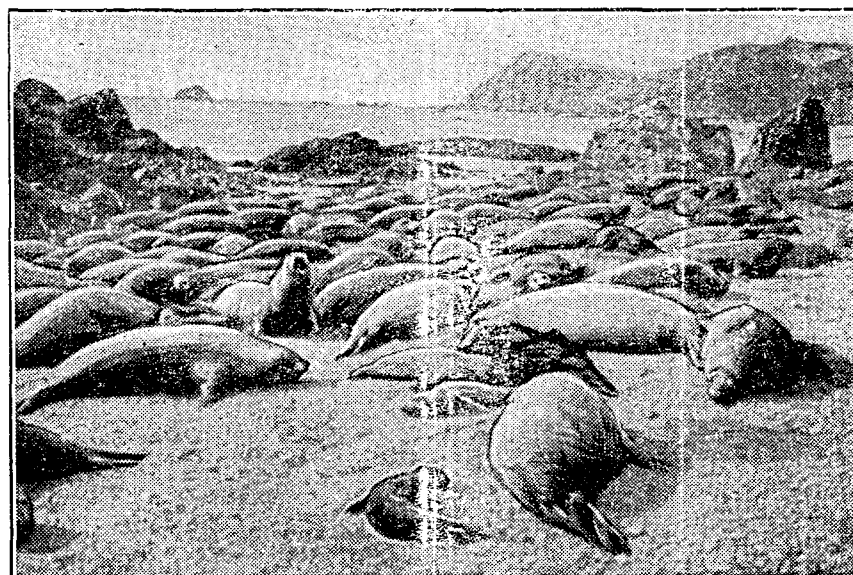
Macquarie Island, looking south from Wireless Hill, showing the Isthmus



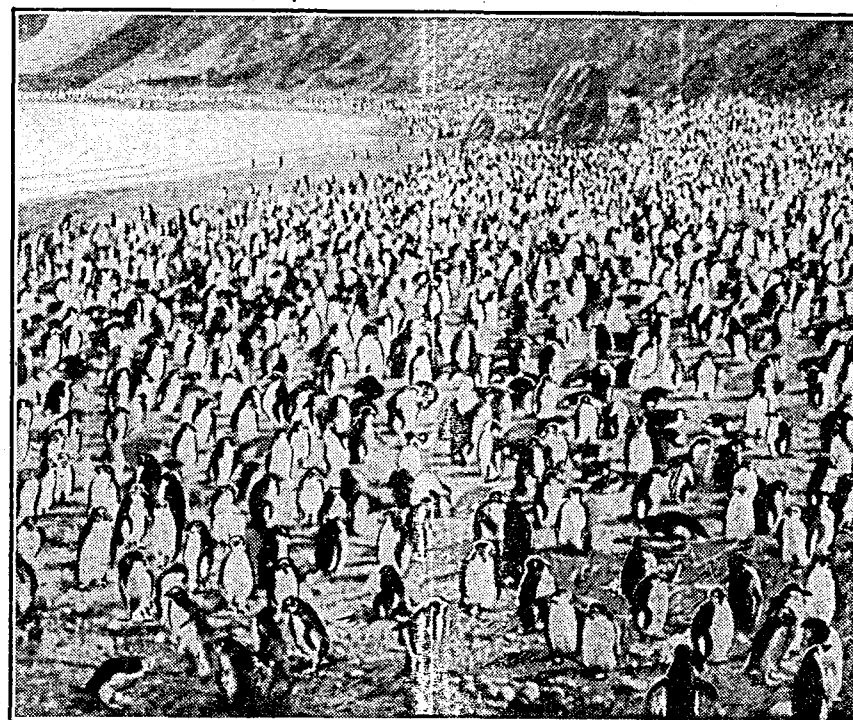
Head of a full-grown Sea Elephant from Macquarie



Head of a full-grown Sea Leopard from Macquarie



A Sea Elephant Rookery, on Macquarie Island, with Babies only two days old



Colony of Royal Penguins on the shore of Macquarie Island

The wild life of Macquarie Island is in peril of extinction at the hands of so-called sportsmen, who go out from Australia and New Zealand to destroy such interesting life as they can find. It is hoped the Australian Government will take steps to guard against this wanton destruction of a haunt of natural life.

## A GOOD DEED FOR AUSTRALIA TO DO

Saving the Wild Life of Macquarie

### A SCHOOL-GIRL'S GIFTS FROM THE ISLAND

Macquarie Island, in the icy South Pacific, has been named in these columns as the loneliest place on earth for man, but it is a home, and cradle too, for birds and beasts.

Sea elephants and various other seals, together with diminishing numbers of penguins, flock from millions of square miles of ocean to make their nurseries on this 60 square miles of storm-swept and ice-battered land.

So much life is concentrated on the island that men go there for a few weeks a year and slay bird and beast till Macquarie is as one vast slaughter-house. For years before the war 600 sea elephants were annually killed on the island for their blubber. The great flocks of Emperor penguins were reduced to a single rookery. When the remnant of the birds was saved and protected, then the hunters took their eggs.

There is a danger of the beasts and birds that inhabit the great Antarctic waters being exterminated. Unless drastic action is taken the flightless penguins will become as extinct as the dodo and the solitaire. May we not appeal to Australia, to which Macquarie Island belongs, to save this haunt of natural life?

Gwendolen Hendersen, a schoolgirl in Tottenham, writes to say that her brother spent two years on Macquarie Island in 1914 and 1915.

They stayed for one night and enjoyed a dinner of Maori hen pie, penguin egg custard, and tinned fruit.

There were only two other people on the island, the meteorological officer and the cook.

Gwendolen's brother has sent her some interesting things home from this island, including sea-elephant's teeth, some waist-belts made of sea-leopard's skin, and a penguin's egg. He has a sea-elephant's tooth over six inches in circumference and seven inches long.

## FOOD UNDER PRESSURE

### Surprising Experiments

Professor B. H. Hite, of West Virginia University, has made a strong steel cylinder, and attached it to a hydraulic pump. Into the cylinder he pours milk or fruit juice, fruits, or vegetables, or anything else he wishes to keep. In each experiment he applies tremendous pressure—from 30,000 pounds to 100,000 pounds an inch.

Milk pressed in this way keeps much better than that sterilised by heating or by using chemical preservatives. The juices of sweet and ripe fruits are so perfectly preserved by pressure that an important industry is likely to arise from the new invention. Enterprising Americans are also thinking of employing pressure preservation on a large scale for supplying fresh milk that will keep.

The secret of the Hite process is that the germs that turn milk sour or spoil fruit are squeezed to death, while the ferments that give fresh milk its flavour, or fruit its vital quality, are not injured.

### HOW PEARY TOLD THE BLIND ABOUT THE-POLE

Admiral Peary, lecturing in America to the blind about his Arctic explorations, passed round to the audience maps of the Polar regions made in relief, so that by passing their fingers over them they could follow his description. A model of Eskimo dogs drawing a sledge was also made for the blind to examine.



## MIDGET AEROPLANE

### Strength and Speed of Flying Machines

#### TRAVEL BY AIR BECOMING SAFER

By our Aerial Correspondent

A successful trial has been made in France with a tiny aeroplane, measuring four yards between its wing tips, and using a twenty horse-power motor. This midget monoplane managed to fly for an hour at a height of 3000 feet, and only came down because its little store of fuel ran short. When landing grounds are common, such a machine as this, which can be made at the cost of a motor-cycle, may become very popular for short flights, such as between London and the South Coast.

#### FLYING BECOMES SAFER

Since the signing of the Armistice the pilots of the Royal Air Force have flown 43,000 miles for every fatal accident occurring, and, according to the average of accidents, if the same number of men had covered the same distance on horseback or in motor-cars or bicycles there would have been more disasters.

One of the remaining sources of danger in flight is found in the small size of our fields. Machines of great power usually require a clear space of about 400 yards in which to land, and the average meadow gives a landing space of scarcely more than 200 yards. The Air Ministry is now engaged in finding larger fields on all main airways for use in an emergency, and county councils are asked to use their influence with farmers to obtain permission for wandering airmen to alight in emergency grounds.

But the best way of overcoming the difficulty is to design aeroplanes capable of landing in a space about four times as big as a tennis-lawn. According to Lord Montagu of Beaulieu accidents due to forced landings in restricted places will soon be overcome by machines with a very slow landing speed.

#### FLYING ACROSS AMERICA

The Aerial League of Canada is organising a flying race over the Rockies. The route will run from Vancouver, over Crow's Nest Pass, to Calgary and Edmonton, and return by Yellowhead Pass and Kamloops. Only Canadian and British airmen will be allowed to compete, on machines of Canadian or British make. The aim is to test the route over the Rockies for a regular aerial mail service between the prairie wheatlands and the Pacific coast.

Meanwhile, the United States Army Air Service has completed preparations for the great flight across North America, over a distance of 2750 miles, between New York and San Francisco. A giant Martin plane, driven by two Liberty motors of 800 horse power, has been fitted with additional petrol tanks for the flight, and she is expected to do 86 miles an hour. Two pilots and three other airmen will be carried, and if all goes well they will cover the continent in two days, making only one stop.

#### SPEED AND STRENGTH

The experts of the British Air Ministry now see their way to fly 200 miles an hour with the present kind of machines, says Major-General Seely, and it seems as if 200 miles an hour will be the working limit for timber-built aircraft with heavy, water-cooled engines. For higher speeds a new kind of engine and new materials will be necessary to withstand the strain.

Experiments are being made with special kinds of steel and light alloys. There is in existence a steel-built Avro wing which weighs less than a wooden wing, and it is already possible to build machines weighing 100,000 pounds with a structure weighing scarcely more than one-third of that.

E. W.

## WIRELESS BETWEEN TWO WORLDS

### Shall We Send a Message to Mars?

It is now thought that a transmitter capable of sending wireless messages to Mars is not beyond the possibilities of the wireless engineer. Very much shorter waves would be used than are used in long distance telegraphy, as these would stand the best chance of traversing the enormous distance between Mars and the Earth.

But who will try the experiment? We do not actually know, in the first place, if Mars is really inhabited, and, if so, we have no idea what manner of beings would live there. The only result of the enormous expense involved in sending wireless signals to Mars might be a negative test. If we got no reply we should know that, even if Mars were inhabited, its "people" had not discovered wireless!

## ENGLAND GROWING BIGGER

### Land Rescued from the Sea

The reclamation of land from under the fringe of the sea, and adding it to England, still goes on in South Lincolnshire, where it was begun during the Roman occupation.

Nearly 3000 acres are to be enclosed and drained alongside the Wash. The plan is to build an embankment across the sea front where shallow water floods the land at high tide. This keeps out the tide, and then the land is gradually drained and dried behind the embankment, and soon becomes rich cornland.

These embankments, higher than the fields on either side of them, generally change into high roads by the time the draining is finished and the land reclaimed. Such a road is called a "ramper"—a corruption of rampart, which tells of the use it has been in holding back the waters.

The reclaiming of land from the sea more than balances the annual loss caused by the subsidence of cliffs during stormy winters.

## MILLIONS OF FLASHES FROM A POUND OF FLINTS

Hundreds of thousands of pocket-lighters are in use today, and the so-called "flints" used in the striker to produce the spark were almost all made in Germany before the war.

Now a Frenchman has found out how to make the flints, and has equipped a factory capable of producing all the flints required by France. Iron and cerium have to be melted together in furnaces at a temperature of 1100 degrees, and the molten alloy is then run into long tubes, so that when cool it comes out in the form of narrow sticks, which are cut into the short lengths we buy as "flints."

One pound of the alloy makes 2750 flints, which will give two and a half million flashes.

## FATHER AND SON

Of the making of titles there seems to be no end, but very interesting it is to find among the new knights at this time the son of the famous engineer who laid the first cable across the Atlantic. Both father and son were Charles Bright, and it is a name of great distinction. It does not often happen that a son carries on his father's work with great success, but Sir Charles Bright the second has a record of engineering work behind him, and of honourable public service, of which his famous father would have been proud.

## DURING YOUR HOLIDAYS

For eight penny stamps the publisher of the Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C. 4, will post this paper to you at any address for one month

## INVENTIONS & IDEAS

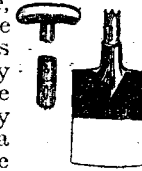
### New Things Just Patented

By our Patent Office Explorer

These inventions, being only just patented, are not yet available for the public, and the Editor has no further information concerning them.

#### A SPADE AS A BODY SHIELD

The handle takes out of the blade, or flat part, of the spade, and can, if necessary, be inserted in a fork. It is recommended for military use, as when detached the handle can be carried by the soldier's side like a sword or bayonet, and the blade over the chest to form a shield.



#### A CARDBOARD BOX WITH STRONG CORNERS

Each corner of this box has a stay of card, as shown in the picture, and this prevents the box collapsing except under very heavy pressure.



#### A SPADE WITH DETACHABLE HANDLE

The handle has a pawl with a spring, which holds it tight when inserted in the shaft of the blade. To extract it the pawl is pushed with the finger, and the handle drawn out.



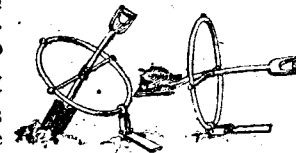
#### A POCKET SUGAR-BOX AND SCOOP

A pocket sugar-box, consisting of a metal tube, the lid of which is scoop-shaped, and is intended to be used for regulating the sugar put into the tea or coffee.



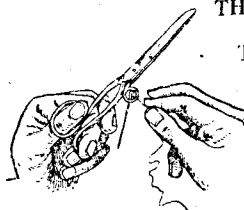
#### A SPADE FOR A ONE-ARMED MAN

By means of an attachment the man can use a foot for adding to the pressure of the spade when putting it into the ground, and then, by keeping his foot on the frame, he is able, without any further assistance, to raise the spade blade with its contents.



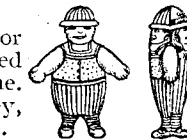
#### THREADING NEEDLES

The scissors have a small lens near the handle, which magnifies the needle's eye, and so assists the threading.



#### A DOUBLE DOLL

An arrangement for making a double-sided doll or two dolls in one. On one side it is a boy, and on the other a girl.



#### A BRUSH THAT BLACKS BOOTS

This brush has the blacking in the handle, and sufficient is conveyed to the bristle part to shine one boot.



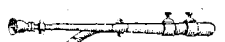
#### WARM FEET WHEN WALKING

These boots are artificially warmed by having resistance wires arranged between the layers of the sole. These are connected with plugs in the heel and thence with conductors at the back of the boot. An electric battery in the pocket enables a current to be turned on to warm the foot. A similar arrangement for clothes for motorists and aviators has been patented.



#### ANOTHER NOTE FOR A CORNET

An attachment for a cornet which enables it to give out an extra note.



## GREAT MEN AND GREAT EVENTS

### HISTORY IN THE MAP

#### The Coward Who Held His Hand in the Fire

### AMERICA INDEPENDENT & FREE

Two great men of our race, Thomas Cranmer and Cecil Rhodes, come into the map this week, with two great events of our race establishing the power of the English-speaking peoples for ever on the American continent.

#### Thomas Cranmer

Thomas Cranmer was a Nottinghamshire boy who became first an Oxford teacher and then a Catholic priest, but held the view that the King and the State had a right to fix men's religion. This gained him the goodwill of Henry VIII, who made him Archbishop of Canterbury, and found him a submissive servant.

But Cranmer's real views became Protestant as the English Church changed. When Queen Mary, who was a Catholic, began to reign, Cranmer was in a fix. He had argued for the right of the Sovereign to rule in religion, and Mary began to rule against the religion he really held. What was he to do? It was a time of persecution, and he had persecuted Catholics. Now he recanted, and denied his own beliefs.

In spite of that he was condemned to be burnt. Then, at the last, he plucked up courage and spoke his mind honestly, holding his right hand first in the flames with the words, "Perish this unworthy hand," because it had signed a dishonest withdrawal from his real faith.

Cranmer was a coward whose courage came to him at the eleventh hour. For that he is remembered; but his greatest work was his translation of the Litany from Latin into most beautiful English. Whenever we listen to the altogether lovely Litany of the Church of England we should remember that the music of the words came from the pen of weak-hearted Thomas Cranmer, who "made good" at the very last.

#### Cecil Rhodes

Cecil John Rhodes was the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman. As a youth he had to leave Oxford and seek health in South Africa, where he soon became rich through mining for diamonds. But again and again he came back to Oxford till he had taken his degree.

Then he lived in Cape Colony, and became its Prime Minister. He believed in the blessing of British government, and through his foresight and energy the great territory now known as Rhodesia was secured as part of the British Empire. Many blamed him, but the principles he held have become the foundation of the Union of South Africa.

When he died, immensely rich, he left his wealth for the education of young men from the Colonies and the United States at Oxford. These students are called Rhodes scholars.

Most of those who once criticised Cecil Rhodes now see that he was a wise and large-minded Englishman working for the good of the world.

#### Free America

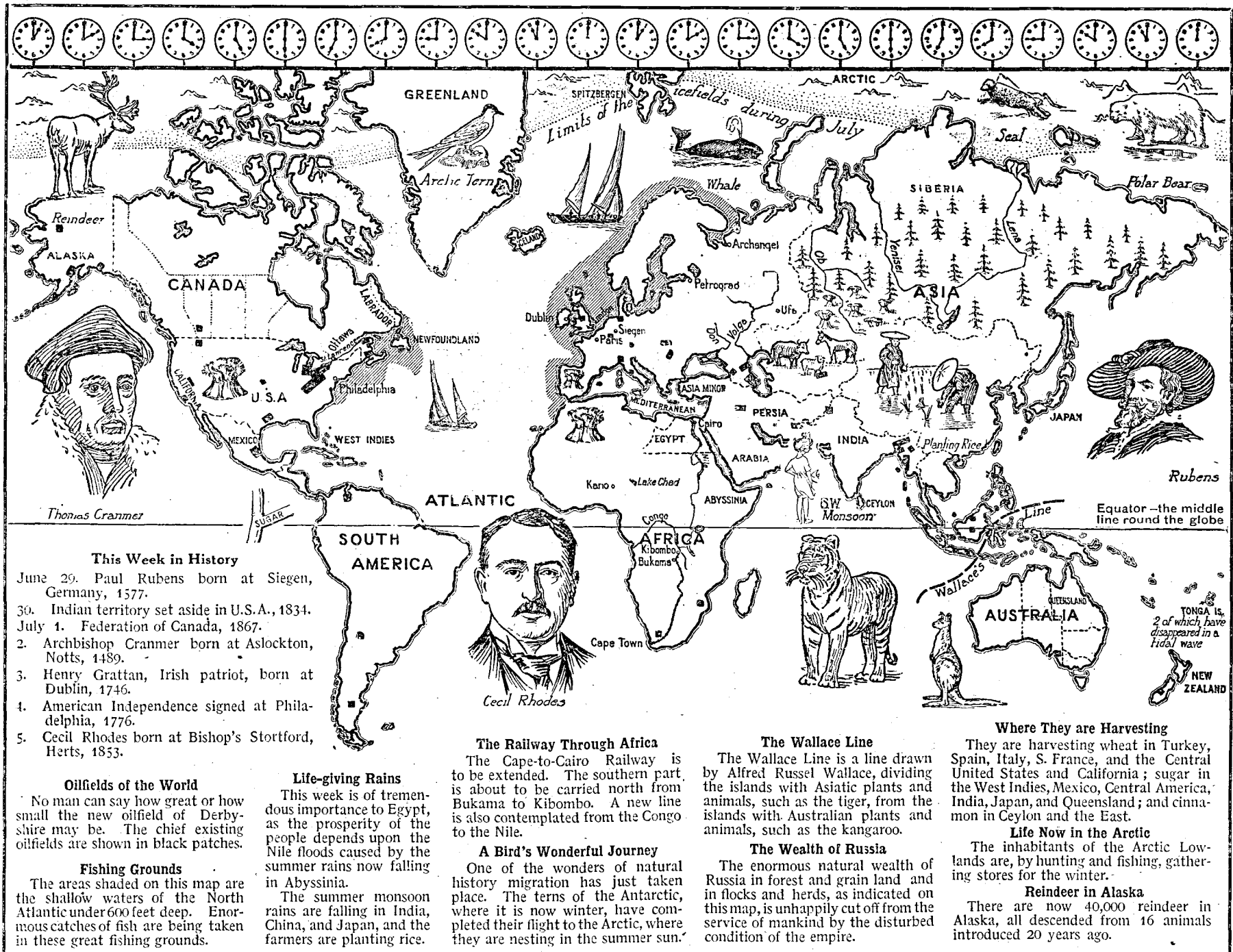
The two events that fixed the influence of the English-speaking peoples on the American Continent are the independence of the United States and the Federation of Canada.

By the unwisdom of the British Government of George the Third, thirteen American States were driven, after a quite unnecessary war, to sever themselves from their Mother Country, and sign a Declaration of Independence, which has made July 4 the fête day of the American Republic.

By the wisdom that comes with years, four States of Canada formed themselves, on July 1, 1867, into a Dominion that is self-governing but part of the British Empire, and the Dominion now numbers nine States.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME-MAP OF THE WORLD



## A PIRATE'S HOARD

### Great Discovery on a Hill-top in Scotland

### PIT PACKED WITH SILVER AND GOLD

A great discovery has been made on Mr. Balfour's estate at Whittingehame in East Lothian. No such find of treasure has ever been made in this country, and very rarely in any other.

Those who have travelled to Edinburgh by the North British Railway may remember that as the train nears Dunbar, and they see the Isle of May far out to sea on their right, a green hill rises against the sky on their left. This is Traprain Law, on the estate of Mr. Balfour.

There is a big camp on this hill, and for some years now men have been digging there to see what has been left by those who occupied the camp 15 or 18 centuries ago.

#### How They Came There

A few weeks ago they made a wonderful discovery. They came upon a pit filled to the brim with the most beautiful silver vessels—flagons, chalices, platters, bowls, and spoons, some of them enamelled and some inlaid with gold. They were all battered and squeezed flat, but it is hoped that it may be possible to restore them.

How did they come there? The story seems to be something like this.

More than fifteen centuries ago—we get the date from some coins found with the silver—this camp seems to have been inhabited for a time by Saxon pirates. They probably landed near Dunbar, fortified themselves in this camp, and then plundered the country round. From the nature of the treasure found it is evident that some of it must be ancient Church plate, possibly stolen from an overseas monastery, and some coins found in the loot suggest that the robbers were Angles, Saxons, or other Germans.

Whoever they were, the robbers had probably sailed in their longships to many other countries, always plundering and seizing booty. In one of these expeditions they seem to have visited the north of France, gone on shore, and plundered some churches there, carrying away the beautiful silver plate.

#### Treasure for Melting Down

To the Saxon pirate, who had no eye for artistic beauty, these lovely vessels, with their delicate ornament, were mere solid silver, which he could melt down and use as treasure, or fashion into ornaments more to his taste, so that when he came to the camp in Scotland he brought them ashore and buried them for safety.

Why he left them there we shall probably never know. Perhaps he sailed away again and his ship was wrecked; or perhaps he was driven away from the camp.

Fortunately for us the booty remained; and when we go to Edinburgh we must visit the Queen Street museum, and see these lovely vessels of silver and gold that have been dug up. F. A. B.

## YORKSHIRE HILLS ON FIRE

### Whole Generation of Bird Life Gone

### HEATHER BURNING LIKE A FURNACE

Miles of the North Yorkshire moors have been on fire, and the flames have burned everything before them. The roads are mostly wild tracks open to the moor. There are no houses for many miles. Only a few shepherds, keepers, and sportsmen pass that way from valley to valley.

These are the heather-covered hills that were all ablaze with fire during the hot, dry weather of June. The heather, furze, and long, rough grass had become as dry as tinder, and a single spark was enough to set it alight, while the winds, which are nearly always moving on the hills, fanned the flames, and the increasing heat drew more air, until the whole hillside became a crackling furnace, moving on before the wind and licking up everything burnable from the ground.

#### The Leaping Flames

Sometimes the flames moved swifter than a man can walk, and leapt up ten or twelve yards high in the air, and the line of roaring heat, felt half a mile away on the windward side, stretched four or five miles in length across the moor.

Of course, all vegetable life perished wherever the fire came, and all animal

and bird life that could not move. The mountain sheep, at home in the wilds and swift of foot, were safe enough, except where they became surrounded by the fire or suffocated by the thick smoke before they could rush down into the heatherless valleys. But all the young birds not strong enough to fly perished in the flames in this greatest moorland fire for many years.

The devastation, looking black and complete now, will not last long. For heather soon recovers from fire and grows better than before, sprouting more food for the birds. Indeed, for that reason, it is purposely burned under careful control when the birds will not be injured. The sad loss from this masterful conflagration is that of the bird life while nesting-time is here. These great lonely moors will not be shot over this year, and many of them may have to be restocked with birds.

#### DEATH-KNELL OF THE SLUMS

The great need for more houses seems at last likely to be faced.

A committee in Parliament has recommended that in seven years every area with more than 20,000 inhabitants must produce a scheme for providing sufficient houses for their population, all properly planned. It is said that 235 towns or districts will be affected by this legal requirement, and no doubt many of them will begin now to do what they will have to do later whether they will or no.

If this means that all "improperly planned" houses are to disappear it will be the end of our foul slums and the beginning of a cleaner and healthier Britain.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 28 1919

## Merrie England

Merrie England has come again. You can see it all over the countryside.

There are people in towns who think the country a dull place, but the truth is that no king's palace can match the glory of a country lane. Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Not Egypt, with its age-old glory; not India, with all its gorgeous panoply; not Italy, with all the wonder wrought by Michael Angelo, can match our countryside.

It glistens like a diamond in this midsummer sun. Its rubies hang on slender stems in every field of corn. Its cloth of gold is spread for the poor to feast upon. Not a child but can lie down on its emerald sheen. Red and white and green and gold, Nature has put on her lovely robes to hail the Peace.

Our people are happy in a smiling land. A sad country it has been for years. The blinds were down, the roads were still, children seemed to lose the spirit of their play. The joy was out of life, for all that we loved best, and all that made our lives most worth the living, was over there.

And none of us went through England. We put away our horses, and jacked up our cars, and gave up holidays, and worked beyond our strength. Summer came and brought no joy with it; winter came and our hearts were bowed with a fear that was near despair. Sorrow lived with us by day and terror by night, and a veil of gloom was drawn across the world.

Now the sun is shining on the world, and Peace is here. We can run from London to the sea through a long line of smiling villages. The heath is afire with gold, the roses blow in the hedge-rows, the lark is singing in the sky, boys and girls are playing in the fields. A thrilling thing it is to see it all again. The lanes seem twice as snug and beautiful, the fields seem twice as bright and wonderful; the sun was never so warm, the sky so blue.

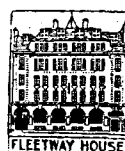
And at last we reach the sea, and the very waves seem tuned to the happiness of our people. Our people are making merry. Never did they look so happy, never were seen such sights upon the sands. It is a golden summer and a golden year. The hearts of a mighty multitude, so long bowed down, are lifted up with joy unspeakable.

Let us be joyful. Let us be thankful. Let us keep the Peace like a great people, for our joy was dead and is alive again; it was lost and is found. Thanks be to God Who hath given us the Victory, we can ride through Merrie England once again. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

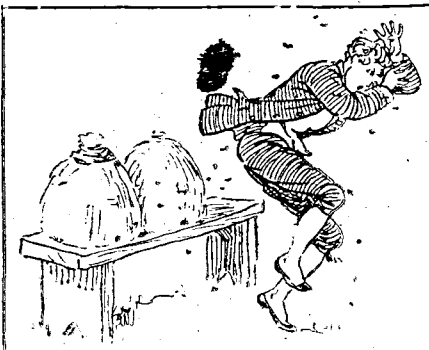
Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## The Little Chapel

THE Bishop of Exeter lifts his hat to the little Wesleyan chapel. He thinks that his Church in the last generation cared too much for the things of this world, and too little for the souls of men, and he thinks the Methodists one of the saving influences of our people. We agree, and have always lifted our hats to the little chapel. Now that war is going from the world we all hope to have peace in the Church.

## Proverb of the Day



The Bees are Humming  
Honey is Sweet, but the Bees Sting

## Working at Play

M<sup>R</sup>. BERNARD SHAW, who works very hard at being a cynic, says the Englishman cannot play games; he can only work at them. But it is only when an Englishman works well that he thinks he is playing the game.

## Tip-Cat

Sound meals, says Lord Henry Bentinck, are often the foundation of sound morals. So that it is good that the public is getting a taste for music.

An evening paper describes Count Rantzau as "a reformed rake." It means that his teeth have been drawn.

Off colour: the black-and-white artist.

Airships have been carrying mails by night. Why not carry them by day and make a lighter job of it?

Fly papers: aeronautical journals.

People used to say unemployed payment wouldn't work. It does, but those who get it don't.

Too fond of going to parties: politicians.

Dr. Haldane admires men engaged in mining. They are men of long descent.

What the police ought to know: The difference between going on a strike and going on a beat.

## Teacher's Strong Language

IF you go to the elementary schools, Lord Haldane tells us, you will find the boys and girls hanging on the words of the teacher. What strong language teachers must use!

If you are acquainted with Happiness, introduce him to your neighbour.

## The "Muttons" and the "Cob"

SOMEbody has been telling stories of the little Belgians who have been learning English here during the war. One went into the country during the lambing season and saw "such a lot of little muttons." Another saw a great cobweb glistening in the sun; but he could not see "de cob."

## Open the Treasure House

THE Government is arranging a big war museum, and is going to show us a lot of guns and medals and plans of trenches and maps and captured German helmets. But are we not tired of these things, and is there not somebody who will whisper to the Government that the proper thing to do is to open the museums that they have shut up, to take its clerks and their stools out of our great treasure-houses, and to leave the War Museum to history? This generation has had enough of the war—enough and to spare.

## The Golden Fields

THE Field of the Cloth of Gold is spread for all who will to see. Our buttercups are at their height of glory, and he who walks through an English country lane sees one of the rarest sights on earth. They talk of the Field of the Cloth of Gold a king set up:

Where France set up his billed shield  
And Henry's lion standard rolled;  
but we laugh at the kings and their fields  
of gold as we look at our buttercups;  
and we whisper with Jean Ingelow—

What was it to their matchless sheen,  
Their million million drops of gold  
Among the green?



## Getting Ready to Leave School

America is preparing to give independence to the Philippines after their long period of preparation for self-government

## To the League of Nations

Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

## James Whitcomb Riley's Prayer

Dear Lord! kind Lord!

Gracious Lord! I pray:

Bring unto the sorrowing

All release from pain;

Let the lips of laughter

Overflow again;

And with all the needy

O divide, I pray,

This vast treasure of content

That is mine today!

## Walt Whitman

THE centenary of the birth of Walt Whitman has just passed by. He was one of the rough diamonds of humanity. He once wrote,

Camarado, this is no book;  
Who touches this touches a man.

And it is true of his own book. People have just been asking what he taught, and Sir William Osler writes pleasantly to the Times to say that he happened to be the "good, great poet's" physician, so that he knew him well. One day he was sitting at the open window of his little house with Dr. Osler, when there passed a group of workmen, whom he greeted in his usual friendly way, and then said, "Ah! the glory of the day's work, whether with hand or brain." Possessed in rare degree of the Greek combination of the love of humanity with the love of a craft, he tried—

To exalt the present and the real,  
To teach the average man the glory of  
his daily work or trade.

That, Dr. Osler thinks, was the message of Walt Whitman, and it is a great saying, much needed now.



The World is Smiling With the Hope of Peace

"Why, this is fine!" says Peter Puck. "You are looking yourself again. Keep on with that medicine, and you will soon be well."

## "Tell Joffre I am Sorry!"

WE shall never know the story of the war; not half of it will be told. One new story has been revealed. It is one of the terrible days when France was in great peril. Materials were running short and the Germans were rushing on, and Joffre sent a messenger to Kitchener to ask for what was wanted. The messenger gave his message, and the Minister for War leaned back in his chair, buried in his thoughts. Then, in a deep and half-strangled voice, as a man in agony, he spoke a few short sentences, a few words between great silences as if he were gasping for breath: "Tell Joffre—tell my friend Joffre—that I am very sorry—so very sorry that I can do no more!" The Minister for War could say no more. Lord Kitchener's eyes were full of tears because he could do no more for his friend Joffre.

## The League of Nations Army

WE should like to have seen those 700 troops leaving Leith for Murmansk the other day. They left on an old German merchant ship, and above them flew the League of Nations flag. It was like a little League of Nations army, and they left Leith singing "Auld Lang Syne." Auld lang syne, we hope, to the bad old days. May they never come back!



## HOW A FLEET WAS CAPTURED

### King Alfred's Scapa Flow

#### CLEVER WAR MOVE ON THE RIVER LEA

The embankments of the River Lea are being raised at Clapton for several feet, to prevent the flood waters entering the reservoirs. The Lea brings millions of gallons of drinking water to London daily, and, though it is also used for navigation, its chief service to London is as a source of drinking water for the north and east of the metropolis.

But the Lea is a river with a history. It was the Scapa Flow of King Alfred. It was in its waters that he achieved a triumph over the Danes as great in its way as Sir David Beatty's triumph at Scapa Flow over the German Fleet.

#### Digging in the Danes

From his youth up the great king was fighting the Danes, who crossed the sea in their war galleys and invaded the land. Alfred was always inventing new methods of meeting their attacks, and new tactics for defeating them in battle; but once they caught him unprepared. They reached the Nore unseen, they pushed up the Thames, and then, where the Lea joins the brimming river at Blackwall, they turned and entered London, pulled up a distance of twenty miles, left their ships, and fortified themselves.

Alfred surveyed the position, and saw that it was bad and dangerous for him. But he also saw a great possibility; he saw that the level of the river up which the ships had come might be so reduced as to render it impossible for them to go back. He could not dig them out, so he dug them in. He barred the river; he cut canals to carry off the water. He caused stockades to be erected along the banks as defences for his works; then he called on the men of London and led a great attack upon the Danes.

#### Enemy in Despair

The enemy turned to their ships for escape, but Alfred's strategy had captured the whole fleet. The Vikings were in the same position as the Carthaginians when the Romans burned their Navy, when, looking from their harbour, they saw their war galleys on fire, and cried in their despairing hearts:

"What of the ships, Carthage?  
O Carthage, what of the ships?"

Carthage fell when her ships perished, and so fell this Viking invasion of the Lea. The Danes were routed and scattered. And while the king's soldiers were despatching the fugitives, Alfred's handymen unbarred the river and brought down to London such ships as they did not destroy.

Michael Drayton sings that "The old Lea brags of the Danish blood," and the Lea is justified. There are few feats so strange as this in our naval history.

#### ARE THE WELSH ENGLISH?

We usually talk of England and Wales, and consider the Welsh English, and, of course, the Welsh are members of the English nation; but Professor Keith, nevertheless, thinks that they had a separate racial origin.

The English came chiefly from Doggerland, in the North Sea, and are of the same stock as the Scandinavians; but the Welsh came mainly from the West of France and the North-west of Spain; and we find that, as a rule, they are darker and shorter than the English, and have shorter and broader faces.

But, of course, the English and the Welsh have intermarried for centuries, and we find many Welsh types all over England, and many English or Scandinavian types in Wales.

## Amazing Ride Across the Ocean

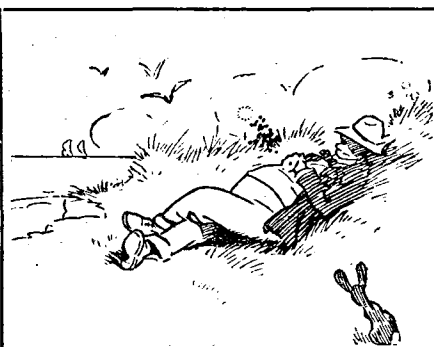
Flying through fog and sleet, on an aeroplane often like a sheet of ice, two men have reached Europe from America in 16 hours, a speed of about two miles a minute all the way. They flew for nearly 2000 miles like men hardly knowing where they were, whether they were upside down or not; and at last they landed in a bog, and the aeroplane sank axle-deep. But they had crossed the Atlantic in the shortest time since the waters began to sweep its shores.

Captain Alcock and Lieutenant Whitten Brown left Newfoundland at tea-time one Saturday and reached Ireland for breakfast on Sunday. They flew in a Vickers-Vimy machine,

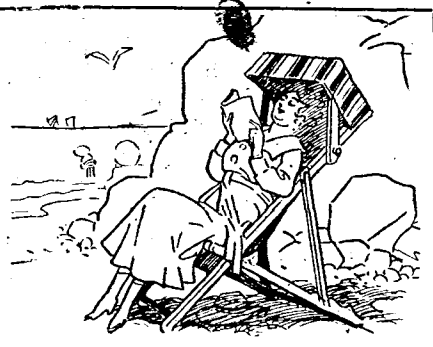
once they dived within ten feet of the waves, which "put the wind up us," as the captain said. But they landed safely, with one-third of their petrol left, and as they came down in an Irish bog, mistaking it for a meadow, the men shook hands, and Lieut. Brown said, "What do you think of that for fancy navigating?"

It was a terrible trip, says the pilot. They never saw a boat, and looked and listened for hours in vain for any sign or sound that they could recognise. They ate meat sandwiches on the way—the captain three and Brown five; and each drank four cups of coffee. They had a few chocolates, too.

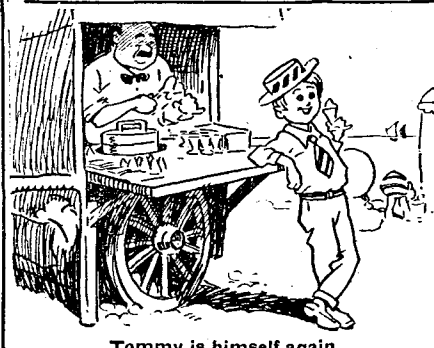
## THE SEASIDE CELEBRATES THE PEACE



Father drops into a doze



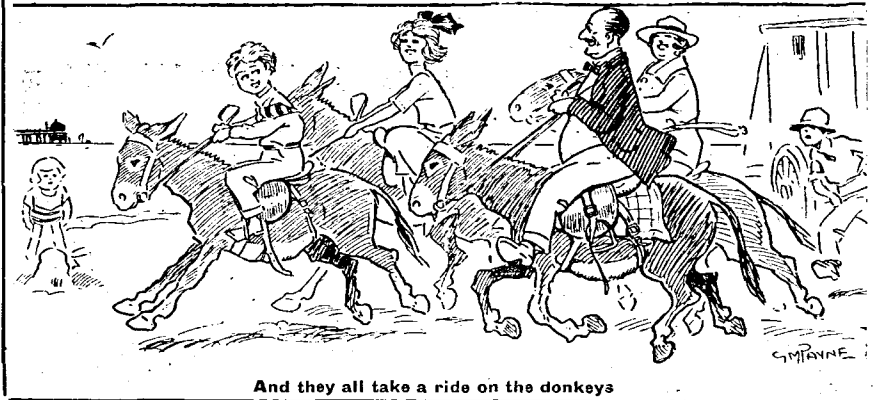
Mother reads My Magazine



Tommy is himself again



Molly goes fishing



And they all take a ride on the donkeys

Never was the seaside so merry as now, in the first year of the Peace. It is like Merrie England back again, with myriads of happy people on the sands

with Rolls-Royce twin engines, and the actual times of the flight were from 5.13 p.m. on June 14 to 9.40 a.m. on June 15.

"We did not do so badly, did we?" said Lieut. Brown, the navigator, when they landed at Clifden, and all the world agrees. They did magnificently, for the flight was made in bad weather, through fog and drizzling rain.

The flying men saw very little of either sea, sun, moon, or stars. The fog was very dense, and at times the aeroplane descended to within 300 feet of the sea. For hours it was covered with a sheet of ice.

In the fierce wind blowing when they started, the little propeller that works the wireless was blown into the sea, so that it was impossible to send messages, and no clear messages were received owing to the constant jamming of signals not intended for the aeroplane. Once Captain Alcock did not know whether he was upside down or not, and the aeroplane had a narrow escape;

Neither was hungry, but both were frightfully thirsty, and they shared the last cup of coffee between them.

The cockpit was very cosy, but as they peered over the side the sleet and ice cut bits out of their faces. For some time they could speak to each other over their telephones, but the telephones broke down, and they discarded them for the last twelve hours of the journey. After that they had to shout. Most of their conversation was dumb show, such as tapping on the shoulder and making pretence of eating and drinking, as children do in games.

What all the world likes is the splendid way in which the flying men have triumphed at last and made a petrol bridge across the Atlantic. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again. The flying men tried once and went half way; they tried again and stopped once; they tried a third time and came across. There is nothing like trying, and there are no triers like British fliers.



A young woman at Seven Kings has died from a mosquito bite. She was ill four days.

The Bolsheviks are using trainloads of leaflets, placards, kinema films, and portable theatres to spread their gospel.

A very old English penny has just been sold in London for £170.

A boy has been killed by falling down the cliffs at Whitby while taking a sea-gull's nest. He fell 200 feet.

Fifty thousand singers are to form choirs for peace celebrations on the Thames Embankment.

Kensington believes it will celebrate the Peace with dignity by a simple thanksgiving service and an entertainment to the men who fought.

A Yorkshire knight who used to be an M.P. is now in Driffield Workhouse.

The Linnaean Society, founded in memory of Linnaeus, the famous botanist, has just found its ancient seal, which has been missing 130 years.

President Wilson has been receiving in Paris fifty thousand words a day by cable from Washington.

A Bill before the Guernsey Parliament proposes to tax bachelors for the benefit of large families.

A member of the House of Lords has been fined for not paying his labourers a good enough wage; he paid them £1, and the minimum legal wage is 30s.

The local paper at St. Helena, wondering what the Allies will do with the Kaiser, heads its article "Send him here."

The man who was not allowed to land in Australia after crossing the Pacific four times has been allowed to land while enquiry is made.

A pair of tits have built their nest in a street lamp at Ashford, Kent.

#### Apology to Birmingham

The editor apologises to Birmingham. By an unfortunate slip the word Birmingham was printed for Berlin in this column last week. It is, of course, the Berlin City Council which has removed the portraits of the Kaiser.

#### Two Lost Islands

A great tidal wave has just passed over the Hapai group of islands off New Zealand, and at the same time two small islands of the Tonga group have disappeared.

#### A Horse's Leap

A high jump record for Australian horses has just been made in New South Wales by a horse which jumped 7 ft. 8 in. A horse in America once jumped 8 ft. 4 in.

#### Lusitania Secrets

There are still some Lusitania secrets to be made known, and the Admiralty is expected to publish them. They will throw light on the sinking.

#### Why Fish Is Dear

Bad fish-train services make fish dear, though it is plentiful. It is said that it takes as long to get fish from King's Cross to Billingsgate—about two miles—as to bring it from York to King's Cross—188 miles.

#### Bad Writer Wrongs a Town

Bad writing has had a damaging effect on Nottingham. A telegram sent all over the country stated that the rates had been raised to nineteen shillings in the pound. The clerk misread thirteen as nineteen, and so made the city appear a place too dear to live in. A correction has been made in Parliament, but a mis-statement of that kind is not easily overtaken and put right.

#### Buy a House from Norway

The great shortage of houses in this country is being taken advantage of by the Norwegians, who propose to foster a new industry so far as British trade is concerned. They are manufacturing wooden houses with five rooms and a kitchen, which can be sold at a reasonable price, and will take down and pack up easily for moving. In a village not far from London there is a commodious chapel built of wood which was imported ready-made from Norway.



## A GREAT PICTURE

IS IT THE REAL ONE?  
Valuable Work to be Sold by  
Auction

MRS. SIDDONS AT DULWICH

The Duke of Westminster, who is accounted one of the richest men in England, is putting up to auction one of the greatest masterpieces of British art. On July 4, unless the unexpected happens, Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the "Tragic Muse" is to be sold to the highest bidder.

The work crowned the career of our immortal artist, as he intended it should. He had been criticised, and he determined, as Raphael did in similar circumstances, that he would show the world what he could do. Raphael painted his mighty "Transfiguration"; Reynolds, for the first and only time, copied the style of his master, Michael Angelo, and painted the portrait of Mrs. Siddons as Michael Angelo painted Isaiah in the Vatican.

### Three Versions of One Picture

Now, there are three versions of the "Tragic Muse." That which the Duke of Westminster proposes to sell is claimed to be the original work, but there is a second copy in the provinces, and a third at Dulwich Art Gallery. Miss Catherine Fanshawe, the poet, who wrote the famous riddle on the letter H—"Twas whispered in heaven," and so on—once had a talk with Mrs. Siddons, in which the actress declared that the painting sold to the Duke of Westminster's ancestor was not the work of Reynolds himself. "The original," she said, "is at Dulwich College." There should be sufficient evidence available to settle the point, but the matter is of interest in view of a recent trial in which some of the greatest art experts swore to a £20,000 picture as Romney's, whereas it is proved to be by a man named Ozias Humphry, and therefore is of small value.

### Shakespeare's Friend's Gallery

The Duke of Westminster's picture has an actress for its heroine, and the gallery in which it hangs owes its existence to an actor, Shakespeare's friend Richard Alleyn, who founded Dulwich College and left it a great estate. The art gallery came long after, and it is interesting to remember, now that Poland is rising from her ashes to become again a nation, that the Dulwich Art Gallery really began with a collection of paintings bought for the last King of Poland. Before the purchase could be completed the final tearing up of Poland was completed; there was no national gallery at Warsaw to receive the pictures, and no king to pay for them.

Mrs. Siddons is the queen of this gallery, where priceless masterpieces hang; perhaps it is fitting that her genius as an actress should be immortalised in a gallery, founded by a man who acted with Shakespeare.

## NEW KIND OF SHIP

Seaplane's Mysterious Carrier

A ship with no funnels, no masts, no bridge, with a perfectly bare top deck devoid of any kind of obstruction, has been added to the Navy for carrying seaplanes.

It is called the Argus, and is really a floating hangar, which carries seaplanes under a huge barren deck, and is provided with repair shops and all the paraphernalia necessary for twenty seaplanes. The navigating bridge, bridge houses, wireless cabin, and so on, are all built below the deck, but the chart house can be raised by hydraulic power when required. Hoists are also arranged which raise the seaplanes to the flying deck, and once there the seaplane has a run of over 300 feet in which to get going before it leaves the vessel.

Seen from a distance, the ship looks like a monster fish rising from the sea.

## TRY-PAN-O-SOME

How He Rides on a Fly  
and Kills a Horse

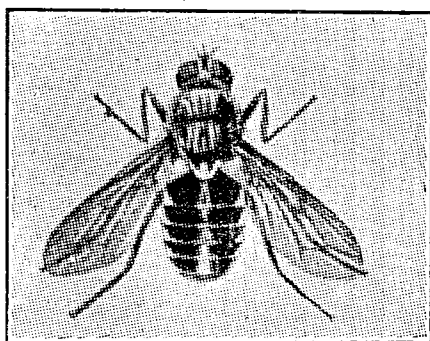
FLIES THAT LIVE THROUGH  
FOREST FIRES

One of the most terrible diseases is the sleeping sickness of Tropical Africa. It is due to a very minute but very active animal called a trypanosome, which is introduced into man by the bite of an infected tse-tse fly, and multiplies in the blood.

There are several kinds of tse-tse fly, carrying different kinds of the microscopic animals, and causing various diseases in horses and cattle corresponding to sleeping sickness in man. What naturalists in Tropical Africa are trying to discover is the particular kind of wild animal from which the tse-tse flies become infected before they bite.

The tse-tse flies suck blood from wild mammals, such as reed-buck and bats, and they sometimes contain the blood of birds and reptiles. What is wanted in order to be able to control the disease they cause is more knowledge of the habits of the tse-tse flies.

One of the successful collectors of this knowledge is Dr. J. J. Simpson, who



The Tse-Tse Fly, that carries the germ of sleeping sickness in Tropical Africa

notes some very interesting points in a recent report. Even an extensive forest fire does not kill off tse-tse flies; for they take to flight, along with the game, and return after a short time. Moreover, the resting pupa stages are seldom damaged, and soon repopulate the burnt area. An individual tse-tse fly has been known to fly four miles, but, apart from this case, none have been known to return from beyond two miles. Of 150 liberated on a main road more than a mile from their riverside home, over half returned.

These deadly flies are to some extent kept in check by spiders, dragon-flies, wasps, and robber-flies which hawk other insects. Some people grumble at wasps and robber-flies, and ask what they are for. Here is answer enough.

## COLOUR-BLIND CAMERA

Flying and Photography

It is well known now that maps will be made in future by means of aerial photography. This new branch of photography will be used on a very large scale. It is therefore interesting to know that the ordinary photographic plate is almost useless for this work, on account of its being what we may call colour blind; in other words, it is sensitive only to violet and blue rays.

White light consists of a mixture of violet, blue, green, orange, and red rays; and the atmosphere filters out much of the violet and blue, so that the colour of the image as seen by the plate in the airman's camera has a yellow-green or orange tint. During the war practically all photographs were taken with plates specially sensitive to rays of all colours; they are known technically as panchromatic, or all-colour, plates.

## HOW TO PLAY GAMES

BY C. B. FRY

Let us be Sportsmen

To try to define the exact meaning of "sportsmanship" is a difficult task. Try for yourself, and see if you can do it; it will be a useful exercise in doing something which many of us fail to do—find out whether we have clear ideas to correspond with the big words we so often use.

The truth is that, though we may be hard put to it to say what we mean by the expression, we are none of us at all in doubt as to whether any particular action is "sportsmanlike."

Fortunately, we all have an attitude towards our games which is one of their chief values. We recognise that our great games do not consist merely in physical skill, or in bare success, or in just winning; but that immense importance attaches to the spirit in which we play them. We might even say, "You take away our games when you take from us the way in which we play."

### Would a Thief Cheat at Cricket?

We know well enough, even if we do not always act up to the idea, that in our games success is no good unless it is combined with fairness, generosity, and good temper. And, as a matter of fact, it is extraordinary how rare are instances of the contrary spirit even among boys and men who have had the worst possible chance of any education in the best spirit of games. It looks as if there were something inherently good in the games themselves. I doubt whether the biggest thief in London would care to cheat at cricket.

There is, nevertheless, a point which is sometimes missed by people who have every intention of playing games in a good spirit. It is this: The actual rules of a game, or laws as we call them, differ from rules and laws of which the purpose is to stop people from doing certain acts. The rules of a game are much more than mere prohibitions with penalties for infringement attached—they are really in themselves a description of the game. They, indeed, are the game so far as the game can be harnessed into words.

### Learn the Rules and Keep Them

This way of looking at rules may not have occurred to everybody, I fancy. The moment one appreciates this view of rules, which is clearly a true view when once it is pointed out, it is stupid and illogical to play a game and yet not take trouble zealously to keep to the rules. If, for instance, we play Association football and deliberately break the off-side rule or the rule about tripping, or any other rule, we are not in a peculiar sense "playing the game." We are pretending to play it, and wilfully not playing it. So we are really being extraordinarily stupid.

You will find that an intention to play fairly is general among boys. At the same time, you will find that many boys who play cricket and football do not know the rules of the games. And so disputes are constantly arising.

The law of the land does not admit ignorance as an excuse for anyone who breaks it; and, as far as games are concerned, it would be a very good thing if all who play them would take the trouble to learn the rules. C. B. F.

### THE SCOOTER

People going to business or going shopping on scooters will probably be a familiar sight before very long. An admiral is using one, and a well-known Member of Parliament has often "scooted" to the House on a motor scooter partly made from his own design. This scooter is now being manufactured. The wheels of the scooter have large pneumatic tyres, the little frame on which the rider stands is comfortably sprung, and the whole thing is so light that it can be taken upstairs and put away in a cupboard.

## VENUS WINS THE RACE

Past the Winning Post  
of Regulus

RARE SIGHT OF A WORLD  
OF ETERNAL LIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

There are three astronomical events to interest us next week.

On July 3rd the Earth will reach the limit that the Sun permits her to go; we shall then be 94,450,000 miles away from him—over three million miles farther than we were last January. After Thursday next we shall begin to fall towards the Sun.

The second event is of great interest, for we shall witness the result of the race between Venus, and Saturn—the great race past the star Regulus. Venus has been rapidly gaining on Saturn during the last fortnight, and will be seen to draw closer and closer until, on Wednesday evening, she will come so close to Saturn that she will be only a third of the width of the Moon away to the south of him, so that he will appear almost lost in the brilliant light of Venus.

### 900 Million Miles Apart

In a telescope they will be a very beautiful sight, for both will be seen at once, two worlds actually 900 million miles apart, yet appearing to us quite close. In reality, the Earth, Venus, and Saturn are almost in a direct line in space, Saturn being over 20 times as far off as Venus. Venus, after passing Saturn on July 2, will reach Regulus and pass very close to this star at the end of the week, and will so win the race. Saturn, however, will be very close behind. For two planets to come so close together, and to be associated with a bright star, is a rare event.

The third event of the week is the rare possibility of seeing the planet Mercury. For a short period, about twice in every year, an opportunity occurs for the amateur to get a glimpse of this swift-moving planet.

### The Fastest Planet

Mercury takes a lot of finding, and must be looked for about one hour after sunset. The beginning of the week is the best time to look, about ten at night, low down in the western sky. It will be then about ten times the Moon's diameter above the horizon, shining with a golden light, like Arcturus, but brighter.

Before the week's out, Mercury will have passed beyond the range of vision, lost in the Sun's rays, for he is speeding along at 1800 miles a minute, nearly twice as fast as the Earth, and much faster than any other planet.

The ways of Mercury are very eccentric. Sometimes he gets very close to the Sun—only 28 million miles from him—when the Sun appears nine times the size he seems to us; then Mercury flies from the Sun at over 2000 miles a minute, mounting upwards in a great curve, so that every hour finds him about 14,000 miles farther off.

### Day Without End

This he does for 44 days, till he is 43 million miles from the Sun. Now he is travelling more slowly, about 1400 miles a minute, having expended his energy. The Sun, taking advantage of this, begins to pull back again for another 44 days, by which time Mercury's short year of 88 days is completed.

Mercury is a small world, about 3000 miles in diameter, of which very little is known, except that very high mountains—about 12 miles high—and a very rugged surface like our Moon exists there.

He is also very similar to our Moon in size, and in the singular fact that he is believed to turn the same side always to the Sun as the Moon does to us. A tremendously hot time it must be on Mercury, and one side of the planet will be in perpetual day, while the other is in perpetual night. G. F. M.



## NATURE TEEMS WITH NEW LIFE

### Insect Pests Busy HISTORY ON A TREE

By Our Country Correspondent

We have been watching the tadpoles for weeks as they grew their limbs, and now they have become perfect frogs, and are emerging from the ponds and ditches, and hopping about in the damp grass, where you are sure to find them if you search.

In the bird world the young jays are fledged, the sparrows are hatching out their second broods, and the tree pipit is laying for the second time. How Nature teems with life! The hen-harrier, a rare bird compared with what it used to be, has also hatched a brood.

We shall soon hear the last of the whinchats' and chaffinches' songs, if they have not already ceased. In the rookery there is great excitement, for the birds are returning to their nesting trees to roost.

Sunny days bring out the wasps in large numbers, and before long they will become a nuisance to the fruit grower and country housewife. Another unpleasant creature is the great breeze-fly, which we generally call the gadfly.

#### Kill that Gadfly

It is one of the largest of our two-winged insects, and its colour varies a good deal, though the general effect is brown. In the sun it looks like a huge bee, and the humming it makes on the wing adds to the illusion.

Kill a gadfly whenever you see it, for it does an immense amount of damage, estimated by an expert at two or three million pounds a year. It lays its eggs in the skin of horses and cattle, always in a spot that cannot be reached by the animal's tongue. From thirty to seventy grubs hatch out and cause swellings on the animal, like vegetable galls in appearance. The grubs feed on the fat of the animal, and when fully grown emerge and drop on the ground, into which they burrow. Apart from any other consideration, the little holes they make in the skin spoil its value for tanning purposes.

#### The Ghost Moth

The elephant hawk moth may be seen at dusk, flying over the petunias. It is one of the smaller hawk moths, and the general colour is rose-red, with dark markings. The ghost moth is conspicuous in grassy places, and it gets its name from its fondness for haunting churchyards. The wings are shining white in the male, and yellowish in the female—the larger of the two. Another moth that we may look for now is the wood leopard, which flies at night, is swift on the wing, and is quite common in the neighbourhood of London.

Among butterflies the silver-studded blue, large blue, mazarine blue, Clifden blue, and common blue may be seen.

#### Story on the Pine Tree

We may not be inclined just now, with such an abundance of wild flowers all round, to take much notice of the evergreens, but it is worth while to examine any Scotch pine we may be near, for on it we shall be able to trace three years of plant history. There will be the ragged foliage and the exhausted cone of two seasons back, the mature foliage and ripening cone of last season, and the new shoots of the present season.

Fresh wild flowers include field scabious, meadowsweet, white water-lily, borage, agrimony, water dropwort, common skullcap, valerian, ragwort, rest harrow, red campion, yellow toadflax, field larkspur, great knapweed, tufted vetch, St. John's wort, and yellow bedstraw.

**A halfpenny stamp will take this paper to any child in the world**

## JAMES HOGG'S SONG FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

### That's the Way for Billy and Me

Words by James Hogg, the Poet  
Set to Music by Alicia Adelaide Needham

*Allegretto.* *mf*

VOICE

1. Where the pools are bright and

PIANO

*mf* *rall.* *mf a tempo.*

deep, Where the gray trout lies a - sleep Up the riv-er and o'er the lea,..... That's the

*rall.* *a tempo.* *f*

way for Bil-ly and me..... Where the black - bird sings the la - test, Where the haw - thorn blooms the

*rall.* *a tempo.* *f*

sweet - est, Where the nest - lings chirp and flee,..... That's the way for Bil-ly and me.

*mf* *rall.* *a tempo.*

#### NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, June 29.

#### Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	4.47 a.m.	4.48 a.m.	4.50 a.m.
Sunset ..	9.19 p.m.	9.18 p.m.	9.17 p.m.
Moonrise ..	6.51 a.m.	9.24 a.m.	12.54 p.m.
Moonset ..	10.8 p.m.	11.0 p.m.	midnight
High Tide ..	3.51 p.m.	5.19 p.m.	7.21 p.m.

Next  
Week's  
Moon



**Other Worlds.** Venus and Saturn are high up in the South-West. Jupiter is now practically out of sight.

#### NEW USE FOR HOMING PIGEONS

Some men must have beer, and lately it has been hard to find. In a Lancashire colliery town, men have been taking homing pigeons into the country in search of beer. When it is found the pigeon is released to carry the information to a waiting crowd, and the next half-dozen trams are said to be crowded.

#### ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



La chaîne La rose Le balai



Le trottoir L'œil Le nuage

La chaîne est lourde.  
La rose sent bon.  
La bonne se sert du balai.  
Nous restons sur le trottoir.  
L'œil est un organe délicat.  
Le nuage annonce la pluie.

#### HÉSITATION

Lorsque le roi de Sparte s'appretait à traverser la Thrace, il fit prévenir les différentes régions de son intention, les sommant de l'informer si on le recevrait en ami ou en ennemi.

La plupart des réponses furent favorables: on ne mettrait aucun obstacle à son passage. Seul un roi demanda à réfléchir.

"Qu'il réfléchisse tant qu'il voudra," dit le roi de Sparte. "En attendant sa décision, je passerai."

#### NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Sow the main winter crop of turnips, and hoe and thin out previous sowings as they advance. Plant out savoys, and earth up potatoes. Keep celery moist at the root, it should never be allowed to become dry, and give a dusting of soot frequently to check the fly.

Cut down any plants in the herbaceous borders that have finished flowering to make room for those that tend to spread.

#### LAST MONTH'S WEATHER LONDON RAINFALL

Hours of sun..	217.9	London ..ins.	33
Hours of rain..	5.6	Torquay ..	64
Wet days ..	4	Newcastle ..	92
Dry days ..	27	Cardiff ..	89
Warmest day..	23rd	Edinburgh..	66
Coldest day ..	3rd	Fort William	139
		Dublin ..	165

It was a dry month everywhere. In London no rain fell after the 9th, and it was the driest May since 1896.

#### WHAT A JUDGE WANTS TO KNOW

The quality of mercy is not dead. A judge was asked to send a railwayman to prison the other day for debt, but he said, "Before I send a man to prison I want to know his age, if he is married, how many children he has, and whether they are earning money." That sounds wise. It is always a misfortune, but not always a crime, to be in debt.





# MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

## What Has Happened

Martin Vaile's father dies greatly in debt owing to the villainy of his partner, Mr. Willard, and Martin determines to find him.

Flying to an island in the Sargasso Sea, in response to mysterious wireless calls, Martin finds there Professor Distin and his negro servant Scipio Mack, living alone. They have many strange adventures, and from time to time are attacked by the inhabitants of Lemuria, the next island. Akon, son of the King of Lemuria, is taken prisoner, and becomes their friend, the professor and Martin learning his language, which resembles that of the ancient Norsemen.

Martin flies to Lemuria with Akon, and there meets Hymer, an old priest, and also Akon's father, the king. They tell him that a section of the people, under Odan, have become mutinous, thinking that the king is in league with "the wizards from the East," as they call the inhabitants of Lost Island.

They demand that Martin shall undergo the ordeal by fire. By a miracle the fire dies down as Martin approaches it, and the superstitious people shout for him to be their leader. Martin, however, promises to help the king.

Hymer is showing him through some secret caverns when Martin, to Hymer's dismay, discovers the cause of the previous day's miracle, a secret hitherto known only to Hymer. While they are talking here, Odan appears on the scene!

## CHAPTER 35

### The Chase

For seconds that seemed like minutes the silence of the deep tunnel was broken only by the shriek of the spouting gas. Martin's eyes were glued upon the face of Odan, who stood as motionless as himself, still with that smile of cruel triumph on his great, beast-like face.

Hymer broke the spell. His lips were close to Martin's ear.

"Your fire-shooter," the priest said urgently. "Kill him. It is our only chance."

Martin knew it. Like a flash his hand dropped to his pocket—or rather to where his pocket had been. For the moment he had completely forgotten his change of clothes. Instead of the rough tweed of his Norfolk jacket, his hand met the soft stuff of his Lemurian tunic.

"I haven't got it," he answered dully. "It's in my other things."

"Your knife, then." And without an instant's pause the priest drew his own, a dagger of bronze with a broad, leaf-shaped blade, keen as fine steel and very nearly as hard.

Dagger in right hand, lamp in left, Hymer made a quick rush at Odan.

For an instant Odan seemed to hesitate, to be making up his mind whether to hold his ground, and meet his old enemy face to face. But only for an instant! Then he turned, and was off up the tunnel with such strides as made pursuit seem hopeless.

Hopeless so far as Hymer's short square frame was concerned, and he knew it. Martin, close behind him, saw the priest raise his hand above his head and caught the gleam of the lamplight on the shining yellow blade of the dagger as it whizzed through the air. Like a flash of golden fire it struck Odan true and straight between his vast shoulders, but only to fall ringing from his armour to the floor.

Hymer stopped short. He could run no more. Martin heard the panting breath wheeze from his lungs as he himself shot past. He had found his knife, and, reckless of consequences, ran fiercely on the trail of Odan, resolved to stop him or to perish in the attempt.

Next moment Odan had vanished round a bend in the passage. Martin caught the flash of his golden armour as he thundered round the curve. Still he followed, but only to find himself in pitch darkness. Hymer had the lamp. Once out of the radius of its light, the passage was black as a starless night.

But he could still hear the heavy clank of the giant's metal-shod feet, and he pressed on blindly in pursuit.

Suddenly his foot caught in something lying on the floor across his path, he pitched forward, and fell with stunning force upon the hard stone floor of the passage.

## CHAPTER 36

### The Bomb Makers

"N-no. It—it's nothing," said Martin thickly. "A bit bruised, and all the breath knocked out of me. W-where's Odan?"

"Gone," answered Hymer in a tone of angry despair. "And with him have gone all our hopes for the future."

"How on earth did he get in?" asked Martin.

"I cannot tell. I fear treachery. Some of the palace or temple servants may be secretly in his pay."

"Well, if he has gone, it can't be helped," said Martin quietly. He was beginning to recover from the stunning effects of his fall which had been caused by Odan's cloak cunningly dropped across Martin's path. "What we have to do now is to repair the damage as best we may."

"You do not understand, Englishman," said Hymer, and his voice more than his words made Martin understand how desperate was the case. "Our one hold over the brown men has been their superstition. As Master of the Fire, they feared even if they hated me. By this time Odan is telling them how they have been tricked. Their rage will be terrible."

"We shall have to fight for it?"

"Fight?" repeated the priest bitterly. "How can we fight? A few score against thousands!"

Martin looked hard at Hymer. He had never seen the strong-faced priest in such despair. It did not seem to him that matters were any worse than they had been a couple of days earlier. Personally, he had no idea of taking it lying down.

"Cheer up!" he said. "You are forgetting that we can make gunpowder; that ought to be as good magic as anything else. Let's get back and set to work. I don't fancy these brown men will stand before bombs."

Hymer lifted his heavy eyes.

"English boy," he said quietly, "you put shame upon me. Let us do as you suggest. There may yet be a chance to defeat this evil one."

If Hymer had seemed for the moment to lose heart, Martin soon found that he had not lost his energy. Once back in the temple he sent messengers this way and that. He collected his forces, and had the gates closed and guarded. Next he brought together a score of workmen, including several who were skilled in smelting metal.

To these he interpreted Martin's directions as to making the metal receptacles for bombs. Having seen them started, Martin took others and went down into the tunnel to collect saltpetre.

The sulphur and charcoal had already been prepared, and before night everything was under way. Martin himself undertook the making of the gunpowder. Saltpetre has first to be washed so as to free it from chloride. This Martin had to do himself. But the men under him were, he found, quite capable of powdering the sulphur and of distilling the charcoal. He used the brown, or "red," charcoal, which makes a very high explosive, much too powerful for use in a gun-barrel. As he had no books to consult it was fortunate that he had the exact proportions fixed in his memory. He used seventy-nine parts of saltpetre, eighteen of charcoal, and three of sulphur.

There was little sleep for any of them that night. Haste was everything. They had no idea what Odan was about, but he might attack at any minute. Martin snatched a nap while the powder was drying, a process which takes about three hours. He had no thermometer, but felt safe in leaving the explosive in charge of the priest who was keenly interested in the whole process.

Next morning the town still seemed quiet, and after breakfast Martin set to making fuses. The Lemurian workmen had finished several score of neat bomb cases of different sizes.

One thing Martin was desperately anxious about. This was his flying boat. As Hymer had promised, a guard of Royalist troops had been set over her, where she lay in the boat-house. They were believed to be still there; but Martin was afraid that when night came they would be rushed or lured away.

The more he thought, the more anxious he became. The Bat was his only link between these lost islands and England or America. If anything happened to her he could never build another. He might build the frame, perhaps, but not the engine.

As the hours went by the suspense grew worse and worse. Hymer had begged him to lie down and rest, but, tired as he was, he was too restless for that. At last, late in the evening, he went up to the look-out post on the roof of the vast dome. The great ball of the sun was dipping behind the black barrier of weed far in the west, and its crimson light shone slantingly over the wide-stretching town, and turned the clear, calm water of the harbour to the colour of blood.

He stood there, staring in the direction of the boat-house. He could see no one. There did not appear to be a soul on guard, or anywhere near the boat-house. The idea came to him that the guard had deserted, and on the heels of that thought followed a sudden resolve. He determined to go and fetch the Bat. There was a lake within the Temple grounds on which he could alight.

He turned quickly and hurried down the winding stair.

## CHAPTER 37

### Martin Plays a Lone Hand

By this time Martin knew his way about the vast building. He had learned that there was a side door opening on to a road bordered by thick trees. It was the way by which the King went to the harbour.

Martin did not go straight to this door. First he visited his room and hid two bombs and his pistol in his clothes. Then he went quietly to the door, which he found guarded like all the other doors, but the guards, seeing Martin in his royal dress, simply saluted and made no attempt to stop him. By the time he had got outside the sun was down and the darkness falling swiftly.

The road appeared to be deserted. There was not a soul in sight. But though Martin's whole mind was set upon the Bat, he was not taking unnecessary risks. He walked in the centre of the road and kept a sharp look-out on all sides.

He saw no one. The silence was uncanny. Indeed, there was not a sound except a curious low booming made by the nightjars swooping in pursuit of night-flying insects. The quiet air was heavy with the scent of orange and magnolia.

Walking quickly, it was only a few minutes before he reached the point where the road opened on the broad quay. Here he stopped again, and looked to right and left. But for any movement, Lemuria might have been a city of the dead.

Taking courage, Martin walked straight to the boat-house. He paused outside and listened. Not a sound.

"As I thought," he said to himself. "The beggars have got the wind up and cleared. It's lucky I came."

He walked down the steps. The door was open. In the fast thickening gloom he could just catch the outline of the Bat lying motionless on the smooth water.

"Ah, you beauty!" he said. "It won't be long before I have you safe. And even old Hymer won't find it in his heart to blame me when he sees the Bat inside the temple grounds."

He stepped down on to the floating pontoon, and stooped to loosen the mooring ropes. He was in the very act of untying the first knot when, without the slightest sound or warning, something thick and soft dropped over his head, and at the same instant a pair of powerful arms gripped him round the waist.

He struggled furiously, kicking out with all his might. He tried to shout, but the thick folds of the blanket-like stuff cut off all sound. He gasped for breath, but could not fill his lungs.

His head seemed to swell to the size of a balloon; his struggles ceased. The last thing he was conscious of was the sound of a harsh, cruel laugh which penetrated faintly to his dazed brain. Then his senses left him, and he collapsed limply on the boards of the pontoon.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### THE GHOST

An old lady once went to live all alone in the country, and the very first night she slept in her new cottage she was disturbed by mysterious sounds.

"The Lord have mercy on me!" she thought. "It's burglars, and they'll take the silver teapot, the villains; and then come and murder a poor old woman in her bed!"

So she lay shaking with fear, waiting for some black-bearded ruffian to appear; but though the noises continued nobody came, and the next morning she found every door and window securely fastened as she had left them, and the silver teapot shining in its green baize bag.

The next night the noises came again, rustlings and murmurings, and once a weird cry rang out in the stillness.

"It's not burglars at all," thought the old lady. "It's one of those nasty ghosts, that's what it is!" And she put her head under the bedclothes and lay trembling till daybreak.

The next morning she went to the orphanage near, and found a little maid there willing to keep her company at night.

"I never could abide living alone with a ghost," she said to herself.

"Betsy," she said solemnly that night, "if ever you should hear queer noises when you are in your bed, you come to my room and sleep beside me."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Betsy; and she took her candle and went up to her little room, and fell asleep in no time.

But it was not very long before the rustlings and bumpings began, and she sat up with a start and lit her candle.

"It's a burglar," she thought; and she seized the poker and crept to the old lady's room.

"Ma'am," she whispered, "there's a burglar in the house. Just you bide quiet here while I break his head for him."

"You put down that poker at once!" cried her mistress. "It's a ghost, lass. Come under the bedclothes by me."

"But, missus, missus, I'd dearly love to see a ghost!" cried Betsy. "I'll just peep in at him, and come back like lightning, I will."

"Bless the child!" exclaimed the old lady, feeling ashamed of keeping her own head under the bedclothes while Betsy peeped at ghosts. "Then I'll come, too."

So she took another poker, and followed brave Betsy and the candle up the narrow stairs to the apple-room.

Betsy opened the door, and the light blew out.

The moon was shining so faintly it was almost dark, and the old lady clutched at Betsy timidly.

"I see 'em!" she whispered. "There—in the corner; five of them all in white."

Betsy lit the candle. She was a sensible girl, who had always eaten plain food and been sent to bed early, and she had no fear of ghosts.

She held up the flickering light until it shone on the mysterious spectres, where they sat huddled up in the darkness—five little downy owls, waiting for papa and mamma to bring home their supper!

## NEWSPAPER NOTES AND QUERIES

### What is Dublin Castle?

Dublin Castle is a 13th century fortification in the city of Dublin, which is the residence of the Lord-Lieutenant. Hence it is used in a figurative sense for the present system of government in Ireland.

### What does "Below the Gangway" Mean?

The gangway referred to is a passageway across the House of Commons dividing the benches, and it has become the practice for members of either the Liberal or Conservative party who take independent

views to sit on the seats below the gangway—that is, farthest from the Speaker's chair. A member sitting "below the gangway," therefore, is more or less independent of party ties.

**What is an Autocracy?** An autocracy is the government of an absolute monarch. The word is derived from two Greek words meaning self and power.

**What does "Down Under" Mean?** Down under, when used in England, means Australasia, the part of the world that is "down under" our feet.





# It Is Always Morning Somewhere



## D! MERRYMAN

New Office-Boy: "A man came here to thrash you a few seconds ago."

Master: "What did you say?"  
"I told him I was sorry you weren't in."

### The Right Way to Write Write

Write we know is written right.  
When we see it written write;  
But when we see write written wright  
We know it is not written right;  
For write, to have it written right,  
Must not be written right or wright,  
Nor yet should it be written rite,  
But write, for so 'tis written right.

### Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?  
Answers next week

### Fish to Make Brains

A young would-be author who wrote to a paper inquiring if the human brain was improved by fish-eating, received the following reply:  
"YOUNG AUTHOR.—Yes, Agassiz does recommend authors to eat fish because the phosphorus in it makes brains. So far you are correct. But I cannot help you to a decision about the amount you need to eat—at least, not with certainty. If the specimen composition you sent in is about your fair usual average, I should judge that perhaps a couple of whales would be all you would want for the present; not the largest kind, but simply good, middling-sized whales."

The answer was written by Mark Twain.

After his bath one night Georgie was looking at his toes, and seemed very puzzled.

"What is it, dear?" asked his mother, noticing his perplexed look.

"Why is it that one toe is so much bigger than the others? I thought they were all the same age!"

### Do You Live at Manchester?

Manchester comes from the Latin castra, meaning a camp, and from the Celtic word man, meaning district, so that Manchester is the "district of the camp."

### A Poem Without an E

The letter that occurs most frequently in English is the vowel e, and it is sometimes said that no writing of any length could be penned that did not contain an e. But here is a poem which contains all the letters except e:

Bold Nassau quits his caravan,  
A hazy mountain-grot to scan;  
Climbs jaggy rocks to spy his way,  
Doth tax his sight, but far doth stray.

Not work of man, nor sport of child,  
Finds Nassau in that mazy wild;  
Lax grow his joints, limbs toil in vain.  
Poor wight! why didst thou quit thy plain?

Vainly for succour Nassau calls.  
Know, Zillah, that thy Nassau falls:  
But prowling wolf and-fox may joy  
To quarry on thy Arab boy.

### Poser

On Friday night, if we Saturday longer, would it be Sunday?

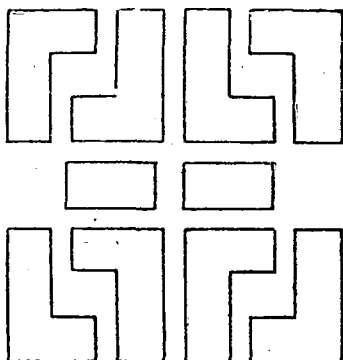
### Do You Know Your XYZ?

Of course you all know your A B C, but can you say it backwards? It is quite easy to do so by making a rhyme of it, thus:

Zed wy ex  
And doubleyou vee,  
Uti ess  
And arcue pea,  
O ennem  
And ellkajay,  
Eye aitch gee  
Effie Decie B.A.

Why is a beehive like a spectator?  
Because it is a bee-holder.

### A Square Puzzle



Can you re-arrange these ten pieces to form a perfect square?  
Solution next week

### ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE A Dish of Fruit

These are the fruits: Pineapple, peaches, pomegranate, medlars, gooseberries, apricots.

## There Was An Old Person of Anerley



There was an old person of Anerley  
Whose conduct was strange and unmannerly;  
He rushed down the Strand  
With a pig in each hand,  
But returned in the evening to Anerley.

## The Bath Chair Again

It was a lovely day, and Father Jacko wanted to go out; but his foot pained him, and he couldn't walk.

"Fetch the bath chair, Jacko," said his Mother. "And none of your tricks!"

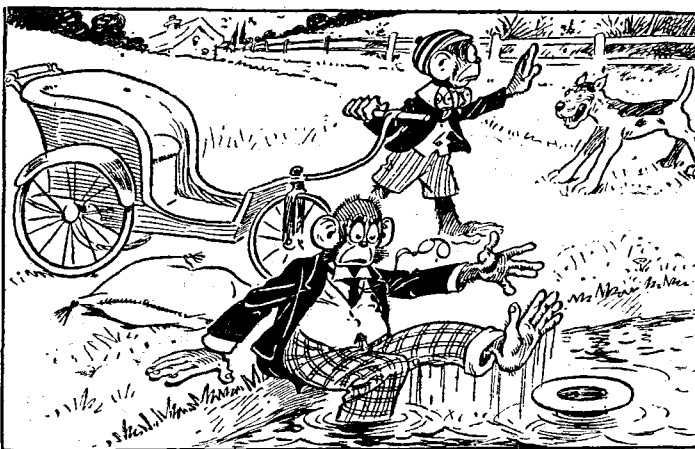
"None of your tricks," repeated his Father, holding up a warning finger. "Remember what I gave you the last time you took me out."

Jacko fetched the chair, and presently off they went. For quite a long time he was as good as gold, and then they came to the pond. There were some dogs playing round it, and one of them came up to Jacko and jumped at his legs.

Jacko played with him for a bit, and then, when his father shut his eyes and dozed, he began to tease him.

Now, the dog wasn't a bad sort of dog, but he didn't like being teased, especially on a hot day like that. He got cross, and when he thought Jacko had teased him enough he growled and showed his teeth.

Jacko, the stupid boy, took no notice, and went on teasing. And the dog went on growling. And suddenly he darted at Jacko, and snapped so close to his leg that he almost felt his teeth.



"Here, stop that!" cried Jacko; and he swung round to get out of the way.

The dog followed him, and Jacko let go of the chair and dodged round it.

"Jacko! Jacko!" screamed his Father. "What are you doing? You'll have me in the pond in a minute!"

Jacko caught the chair, and swung it round, and the next moment—there was poor Father up to his knees in the water!

Jacko soon had him out. But his father was furious.

"You've done this once too often, young man!" he declared. "I'll have no more of it. Off to school you go this very week."

And, sad to relate, to school that very week Jacko went.

## The Builder

In the centre of one of the greatest cities in the world stands one of the greatest buildings in the world, the monument of a great man, whose brilliant genius in one direction has so overshadowed his reputation in other fields that few people realise how truly wonderful he was.

He was born in Wiltshire in the same year as John Locke. So small and delicate was he as a child that his father, who was a dean, kept him at home for some years before placing him at Westminster School, where he did well. Natural science was his favourite study, and after leaving school he spent some time assisting a famous lecturer in anatomy by mounting his specimens and making models of the human muscles.

Then, in 1646, when only fourteen, he went up to Oxford University. And now his remarkable genius found full opportunity. He became a master of anatomical science, designing the illustrations for a famous treatise on the brain, and originating the experiment of injecting liquids into the veins of living animals. He was famous for his philosophical inquiries, and had no superior in astronomy, being, a little later, appointed professor of astronomy at Gresham College.

He took degrees at both Oxford and Cambridge, and so wonderful were his attainments that he was spoken of as that "miracle of youth."

The wonder is that amid such profound and arduous studies he found time to think of smaller matters. He made an astronomical dial to adorn the ceiling of a room at his college, and is said to have made 53 important discoveries and inventions.

But now he changed the whole course of his life, and began to raise monuments to his genius in London and the country by designing beautiful churches and palaces and colleges.

His greatest work is one of the world's masterpieces. He gave it a magnificent dome, and it has been said that while stone-masons conveyed the material, he hung it in the air, so marvellously is it balanced.

The completion of the building was a source of immense satisfaction to its designer, who had now been knighted; and every year up to his death he used to be taken to see it. He passed away quietly in an after-dinner sleep, and was buried in the building which his genius had raised. Thus it became his tomb, and no man ever had a finer. He had always been as distinguished for his sweetness of disposition as for his brilliant genius. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Last week's name was Catherine I. of Russia!

## Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

Augustus and young Marmaduke were walking hand in hand, And soon they passed a building big, where several ladders stand. "Let's take some bricks and mortar up; the builders are away." (They didn't even stop to think—"I wonder if we may.")



With mortar Gussy filled a hod, and Marmy took some bricks, And up the ladder went the boys, but soon were in a fix.

The builder round the corner came. "Why, bless my heart!" said he;

"Those boys are up to mischief, or so it seems to me."

"Get down! get down!" cried Marmaduke. "I can't!"

Augustus cried.

And up or down they couldn't move, no matter how they tried. Soon mortar, bricks and hods and boys began to slip and shake.

Then down they came with crash and splash; an awful scene they make!

Head first into the mortar both Gus and Marmy fell.

They're sticking in that mortar now, for all that I can tell.



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

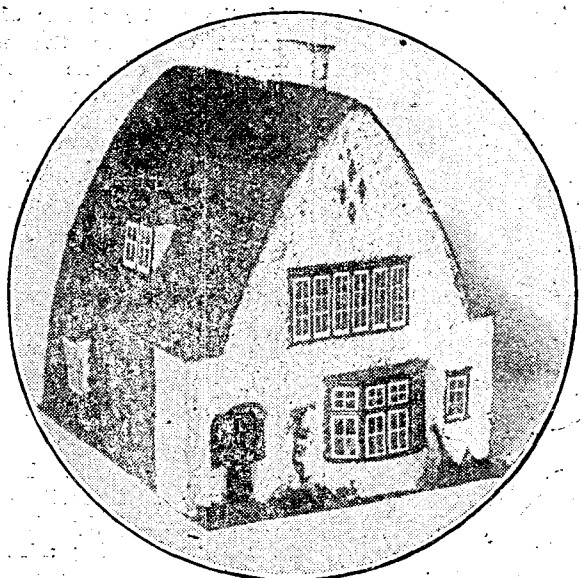
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Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 14s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

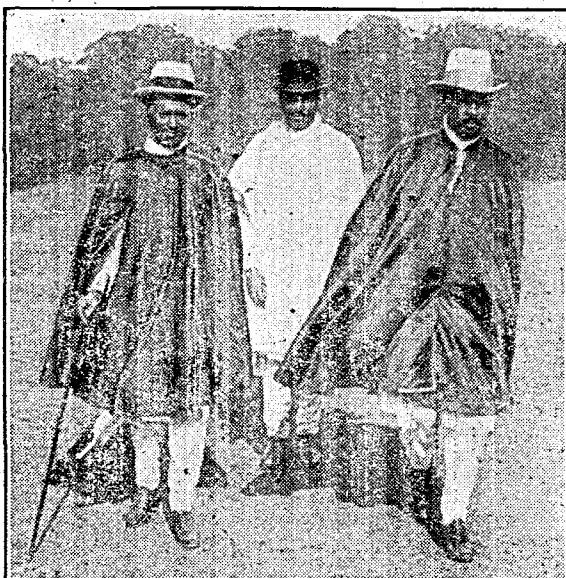
**MEN OF ABYSSINIA.**

**JOY RIDE ON THE SEA.**

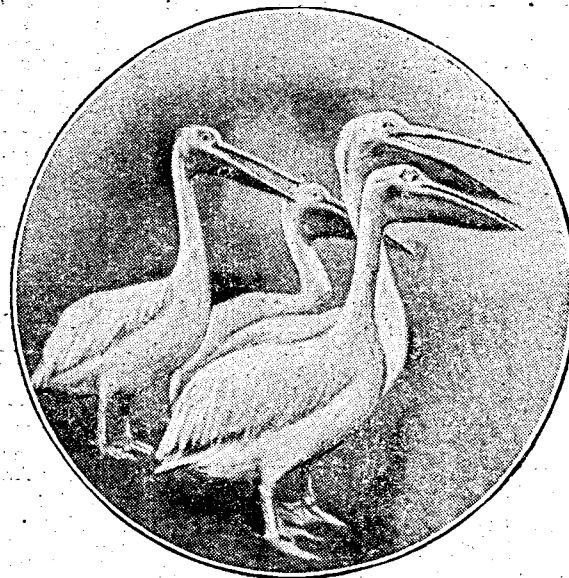
**DERBYSHIRE OIL WELL.**



A concrete cottage that can be built in 35 days



The Abyssinian Envoys who have been to congratulate the King on the victory



The Pelicans in St. James's Park



The seaside happy once again—joy ride behind a boat



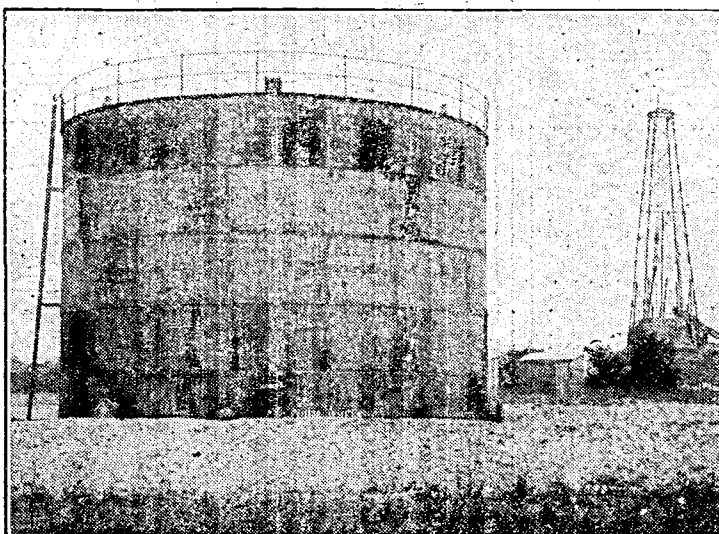
Bright little people of a clever race—Japanese brother and sister. See page two



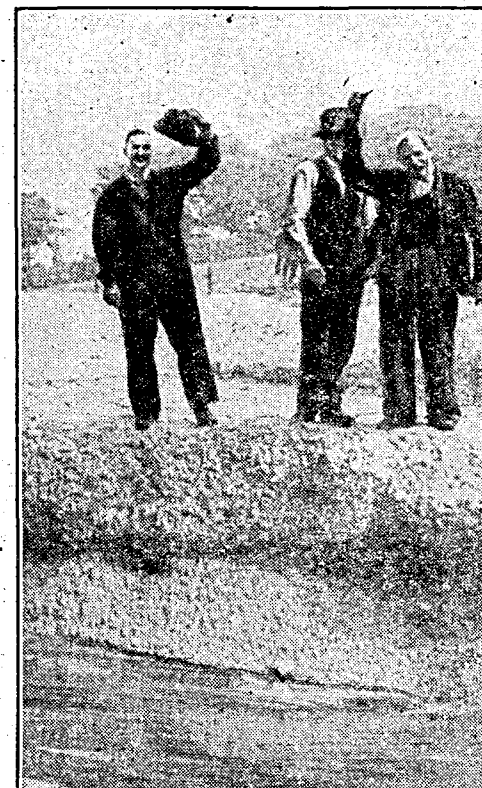
Scooting to golf



The first flow of oil from the Hardstoft Well, in Derbyshire



A storage tank that will hold 200,000 gallons



The drillers cheering the first flow of oil

**OIL IS RISING FROM THE WELL IN DERBYSHIRE ABOUT 400 FEET A DAY. IT IS BELIEVED THE FIRST PROMISE WILL BE ABUNDANTLY REALISED**

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Friday by the proprietors, the Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. It can be ordered from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Company; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency; India, A. H. Wheeler & Co